THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,128
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One year, cash in advance.....$1.50
" If not p'd within 3 mos. 1.75
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Papers sending outside the county will be additional per year will be charged to

In no case will the above terms be departed from. Those who don't consult their interests by paying in advance must not complain if the same (owing to three

Look at your label before you stop it. If your name is not there that week we do not

Life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XIII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1879. NUMBER 36.

Advertising Rates.

The large and rapidly increasing circulation of THE FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers. Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

1 inch, 3 times	$ 1.50
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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't forget it.

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STILL LEADS THE VAN!

THE GOLDEN BUBBLE BURSTS,

BUT THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE SEASON AT THE

Young America Clothing House

is still a booming, bringing Relentless Slaughter to High Prices and Glad Tidings to all the People! Meantime Hundreds of Men, Women and Children continue to carry away armsful of Goods as the result of Fearful Financial Failures.

READ THE NEW PRICE LIST
—OF—
FALL AND WINTER GOODS
—AT THE—
BIG "BOSS" CLOTHING HOUSE
OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA!

WE SNATCHED THESE
GOODS AT PRICES SO LOW

that we can sell you anything you want in the line of Clothing at figures no one has ever dreamed of.

THE PEOPLE ARE WILD!
THE EXCITEMENT INCREASING!
A TERRIBLE PANIC FROM THE VERY START!

Customers will please call early in the morning to make their purchases, as we find it necessary in the afternoon to employ a police force to keep the surging mass of humanity in circulation.

A FEW OF THE MANY BARGAINS WE OFFER TO CASH BUYERS:

A Good Working Suit for	$ 2.75	A Man's Extra Good Overcoat for (that others sell for $15.00)	$10.00
A Good Business Suit for	4.00	A Man's Good Warm Coat for	1.50
A Very Fine Dress Suit for	5.00	A Very Good Working Pants for (that others sell for $2.00)	75c.
A Man's Good Business Pants for	1.00	A Man's Good Dress Pants for	50c.
A Man's Good Business Pants for	2.00	A Man's Good Hat for (that others sell for 75c)	38c.
A Boy's Good Suit for	12.00	A Boy's Good Hat for (that others sell for 50c)	25c.
A Child's Suit, from 3 to 5 years, (the child	18.00	A Child's Suit, from 5 to 12 years, (the boy	2.25
A Boy's Good Suit, from 12 to 15 years, (the boy	2.50	A Man's Good Suit for (that others sell for $5.00)	3.00
A Man's Suit of Underclothing for (that others sell for 75c)	5.00	A Man's Suit of Underclothing for (that others sell for 75c)	40c.

DON'T INVEST YOUR MONEY IN CLOTHING
before you examine the above priced Goods at the
Young America Clothing House,
Corner ELEVENTH AVENUE and ELEVENTH Street,
ALTOONA, PA.

PLAIN FACTS!
TO THE PEOPLE OF
CAMBRIA AND ADJOINING COUNTIES!

We hereby respectfully inform you all that we have just opened an immense and elegant stock of

Gents' and Youths' Hats and Caps,
Shirts, Overalls, Underwear,

SOCKS GALORE, and a full line of Gents' FURNISHING GOODS, in the sale of which we intend to merit a liberal share of public patronage, by selling strictly for cash, and at very reasonable prices, and we further guarantee to sell as low for rent and other incidental expenses in selling Altoona. Besides the above, we offer for sale all other lines of Goods which you will make it worth your while to call for. Remember the place, as this is SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.

B. COHN & CO., Opposite New Wh'f'se Going Up (1307 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

INFORM YOUR NEIGHBORS OF THE GOOD NEWS AND

PLAIN FACTS!

FACTS FACTS FACTS FACTS FACTS FACTS FACTS FACTS FACTS FACTS

SIX CORD — ENDORSED BY OVER THIRTY SEWING MACHINE EXHIBITORS AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, Paris, 1878 AND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, PHILADELPHIA, 1876, As being "Very STRONG, SMOOTH, and EXCELLENT THREAD." — SEMPLE'S SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON — S.F.T. ESTABLISHED 1826. — ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY BY USING — MANUFACTURED AT MOUNT HOLLY, N.J. — MEDALS AWARDED — PARIS, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK & BOSTON. — SOFT FINISH

State Normal School
Indiana, Pa.

Spring, the best of the kind in the United

Accommodations for 300 Students.

Expenses low to all patrons.

Departments—Normal, Classical, Commercial

The Fall term of 12 weeks will open on

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1879,

Students at late as those of any other school

Unsurpassed natural advantages and accessible to

For catalogues address

JOHN H. FRENCH, LL. D.,
Principal.

St. Aloysius' Academy,
Loretto, Cambria Co., Pa.

Under the Care of the Sisters of Mercy.

The Academic year is divided into two sessions of five months each. The next session will open on the first Monday of September. For particulars apply to the Superioress of the recent collection of this Academy, or to the Pastor of the Church, Loretto.

Terms per session of 5 months, only $20.00. Music, use of instrument, drawing and painting and the languages form

For circulars address
THE SUPERIORESS OF THE ACADEMY.

GET ALL THE LIGHT YOU CAN
—ON THE SUBJECT OF—
Cheap Groceries!
By reading the advertisements, circulars, price-lists, &c., of other dealers, and then go to
F. P. CONFER'S
MODEL GROCERY STORE!
1324 Eleventh Avenue,
Between 10th & 11th Sts., Altoona, Pa.,

And "order" your patronage on a man who can not only show you the largest, most varied and complete stock of goods ever offered for sale in this city, comprising everything fresh and pure in the way of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, Green, Dried and Canned FRUITS, NOTIONS, &c., but can and does sell at prices fully as cheap from a LOCO chopper than any other man or firm in the business, no matter where they reside or what inducements they offer.

For Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to me, I solicit a continuance of the same, and hope for a continuance and increase of the same, the subscriber respectfully invites everybody to call and examine prices before buying elsewhere. Remember the place,

F. P. CONFER.
Feb. 28, 1879. Model Grocery, Altoona, Pa.

PAMPHLET for advertisers, 100 pages, 10c. P. P. Rowell & Co., N. Y.

Assignee's Sale
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate!

BY virtue of an alias order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to public sale, at the Court House in the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1879,

At 2 o'clock, p. m., discharged of all liens, the following described real estate, to wit:

ALL THAT CERTAIN LOT OF GROUND

Situate in the East ward of the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., beginning at a post on Centre street; thence east 264 feet to a post, corner of lot conveyed to George Wilson, now Thomas J. Davis; thence by an alley, north 60 feet, to a post on Crawford street; thence by said street, west 264 feet, to a post on Centre street; thence by said street, south 60 feet, to the place of beginning—having thereon erected a two story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, FRAME STABLE, and OUTBUILDINGS. Also

All that certain Piece or Parcel of Land

Situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., beginning at a post in the line of Thos. Griffith's land; thence by said line, south 48 perches, to a post; thence by land of John. F. Tibbott, 64 perches, to a corner; thence by land formerly Evan D. Evans and Hugh Jones, dec'd, north 38 perches, to a post; thence by land of A. A. Barker, east 64 perches, to the place of beginning—containing **19 Acres** and **32 Perches**, be the same more or less; all of which are cleared and in a good condition. This piece of ground lies a short distance south of the borough line and is known as the "Hertzler Farm."

TERMS OF SALE.

One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, to be secured by bond and mortgage, or judgment notes, of the purchaser.

ABEL LLOYD,
Assignee of Isaac Crawford.

Sept. 26, 1879-3t.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE!

BY virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to public sale on the premises, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11th, 1879,

At 2 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate:

All that certain Piece or Parcel of Land

Situate in Summerhill township, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, adjoining lands of Patrick Coney, James McGough, Wm. Sney, and others, containing **90 Acres**, more or less, about 70 Acres being cleared, and having thereon erected a two story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, a FRAME BANK BARN, and all the necessary outbuildings, all in good repair. There is an Orchard of choice fruit on said farm, containing 100 apple trees, as well as peach, plum and cherry trees. There is also good water near the door, and a school house on the adjoining farm. This is one of the best farms in Summerhill township.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

HENRY WALTERS,
Assignee of David Sney.

Also, at the same time and place, I will offer for sale a lot of wheat, oats, corn and buckwheat by the bushel, and hay by the ton. Terms of sale of personal property made known on the day of sale. HENRY WALTERS, Assignee, &c.

Summerhill Twp., Sept. 26, 1879-3t.

Assignee's Sale of Valuable Real Estate.

BY virtue of an alias order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose at public sale, on the premises, in the borough of Wilmore, in said county, on

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1879,

At 2 o'clock, p. m., discharged of all liens, the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain Piece of Ground

Situate in the said borough of Wilmore, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at the corner lot bounded on Main and Vine street (Vine street being now known on both plot as Walnut street), adjoining Mary Lahr (formerly Mary Ann Lahr) on the north, known on said town plot as lot number twenty (20), and having thereon erected a two story

Frame Dwelling House and Large Store Room.

As This is a desirable property for any one wishing to engage in the business of keeping store.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage, or judgment notes, of the purchaser.

ALVIN EVANS,
Assignee of P. J. Weissinger.

Sept. 26, 1879-3t.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE

OF

VALUABLE TOWN PROPERTY.

BY virtue of a precept under the seal of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, I will offer at public sale or outcry on the premises, on

Wednesday, October 22d, 1879,

At 2 o'clock, p. m., the following described lot of ground, with the buildings, etc., thereon erected, to wit:

ALL THAT CERTAIN LOT OF GROUND

Situate in the Borough of Carrolltown, County of Cambria, and State of Pennsylvania, fronting 50 feet on Main street, and bounded on the north by lot of Joseph Zeiser, on the south by lot of Mrs. Mary Kaylor, and extending back to Church street on the east, being the lot on which is erected the PLANK FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, with CABINET SHOP attached, a FRAME STABLE, &c., now in the occupancy of Adam J. Stoltz.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale, the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

JULIUS STICH,
Assignee of A. J. Stoltz.

Carrolltown, Sept. 26, 1879-3t.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned will offer at public sale, at the house of Geo. Walters, in White township, on

SATURDAY, October 11th, 1879,

At 2 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate, of which J. S. Walters died seized, to wit:

No. 1.—A PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in the township of White, county of Cambria, adjoining lands of Geo. Walters, Perry Trowell, William H. Slater, and others, containing **145 Acres**, more or less, about 40 Acres cleared, having thereon erected a two story BRICK HOUSE and a FRAME BARN.

No. 2.—The one undivided third of a PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in the township and county aforesaid, adjoining lands of Joel Gates, Nathan Gates, and others, containing **118 Acres**, more or less, about 30 Acres cleared, having thereon erected two *Log Houses* and a *Log Barn*.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

JOHN C. GATES,
Administrator of J. S. Walters, dec'd.

Sept. 12, 1879-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Orphans' Court of Cambria County.—In the matter of the account of L. A. Craver, Trustee to sell the real estate of Ludwig Craver, deceased.

And now, Sept. 8, 1879, on motion of F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., the said Court appoints Chal. L. Dick an Auditor to hear and decide upon exception and report distribution.

J. G. LAKE, Clerk O. C.

I will sit for the purpose of the above recited appointment, at the office of F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., in the borough of Ebensburg, on *Thursday, October 23, 1879*, at 9 o'clock, P. M., where and when all parties interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in upon said fund.

Sept. 19, 1879. CHAL. L. DICK, Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the account of Luke Durbin, Administrator of Patrick Donegan, late of Clearfield township, deceased.

And now, Sept. 8th, 1879, on motion of F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., A. Y. Barker appointed Auditor to report distribution, etc. Extract from the records.

J. G. LAKE, Clerk O. C.

Notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of the above appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on Friday, Oct. 24th, 1879, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when and where all parties interested may attend if they see proper.

A. Y. BARKER, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Sept. 26, 1879-3t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of John Elder, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the estate of John Elder, late of Carrolltown borough, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the estate of said decedent are hereby notified that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them in legal shape for settlement.

JAMES HYDES,
GEORGE GALLAGHER, Executors.

Sept. 12, 1879-6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Mary Hobaugh, deceased.

Having been granted letters testamentary on the estate of Mary Hobart, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, deceased, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make settlement without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

T. O'LEARY, Executor.

Clearfield Twp., Sept. 5, 1879-6t.

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. $77 Outfit free. SHAW & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

A MASQUERADE.

"She is far from fascinating," declared Lucia, as she and her sister discussed the events of the day, a few weeks after Miss Lovell's appearance at the Orchard Farm. "An aquiline nose is a defect in any woman's face; it looks strong minded."

"And that black silk dress of hers has been turned, too. I saw the old stitches," yawned Essie. "What do you think of her singing?"

"Guy seems to hang upon her numbers."

"She's a novelty."

Fascinating or otherwise, the gentlemen at the house seemed to rally about Miss Lovell to the no small discomfiture of the Misses Thornton. Her very indifference lent a charm; and even the turned silk failed to disgust them, or the fact that she was suspected of earning her own living. There was a picnic to the recesses of the Pine Woods one day, when other expedients for killing time had been nearly exhausted, planned and carried out by Miss Lucia and her sister.

"And where is our charming Miss Lovell?" asked Duchene, an attache of one of the legations, whom Lucia had contrived to attach to her party.

"I don't know," returned Lucia.

"Is not Miss Lovell here?" demanded Guy, "and why is she not?"

"Don't annihilate us, Guy! What is Hecuba to you?"

"I will return for Miss Lovell," said Duchene, not comprehending the situation.

"I will fetch her myself," threatened Guy, hurrying away. But he did not return. Miss Lovell had no mind to accept an invitation at the eleventh hour; she was busy sketching. Would she not give him a lesson in the art? And whether or no, there he stayed beside her till the sunset dyed the sea with the hues of a shell. No end of banter followed when the party returned from the woods.

"This is the way Mr. Thornton does his picnicking?" questioned Duchene. "Don't you know," addressing Miss Lovell, "that they used to burn women for witchcraft?"

"Neither did the men escape."

"These Thorntons are a proud family," he pursued. "They think themselves the cream of society and the rest of the world but skim-milk."

"And I represent bonny-clabber, perhaps."

"They are a haughty race; whoever is not born with a silver spoon in his mouth is beneath notice—except for amusement."

"You seem to have studied the Thorntons."

"They interest me with their contempt for work: I wonder nobody asks if the mall that lay in the house that Jack built was not furnished by their grandfather's brewery."

"You are too bitter, Mr. Duchene—bitter as beer. And Mr. Thornton, does he share their contempt?"

"I have not heard; but he is a Thornton."

"Miss Lucia thinks your lecture is long. She is in doubt about the text. I believe you engaged her for this waltz?" They were having some informal dancing in the parlors that night.

One evening in August, Miss Lovell, having spent a dull day in-doors, threw open her blinds, and felt it a waste of the season to remain under a roof. The universe seemed too narrow to hold her, and throwing on a cloak which enveloped her, folding a black veil across her yellow hair, and fastening the hood of her wrap beneath her chin, she stole out. Presently, as she sat in the shadow of a great rock, a boat put in, and Duchene helped Miss Lucia ashore and strolled away, while Guy planted an oar in the sand, and Essie crouched beside him.

"You will take cold," said Guy. "We must go in."

"You wouldn't be in such haste if I were Miss Lovell. I don't know where you get your plebian tastes, everybody is laughing at your devotion."

"Let those laugh who win," returned Guy. "*Le roi s'amuse.*"

Miss Lovell had left her seat at mention of her name, and loitered along the beach, stooping to gather a shell or bit of some wreck as she went.

"What old witch is that?" asked Essie as she passed them.

"It looks like a fisherman gathering drift to boil her pot;" but having decoyed Essie in doors, he flew back to the sand.

"The step betrays the goddess," overtaking her.

I hoped to pass for a fisherman."

"You! To complete the disguise, let me take you in my boat."

"With all my heart. *Le vrais 'amuse,*" she reflected; "but he allows another to share his amusement." And directly they were floating through a drift of stars, mingling jest and sentiment: slipping past the lighthouse, beyond the spits of sand, with breakers creaming about them, till the beach lights were but sparks against the darkness, past stretches of meadows, and the lonesome wharves of the town. "Mr. Thornton," she cried, waking from the spell, as steeples and chimneys stood revealed "what is this?"

"This is Bagdad. Our boat has been propelled by afrites. I am the necromancer who has annihilated time and space. Shall we keep on up the river, and join the caravan for Aleppo and Damascus?"

"Do let us return; it must be so late. There are no lights in your Bagdad."

"The Caliph prohibits them after 9 p. m. Besides, gas and kerosene haven't come to light yet. My dear Miss Lovell, the tide is against and the wind is not with us. Even a necromancer may err. You have made it dangerously pleasant. I did not dream of the hour. Halloo, there!" he shouted, under the bow of a brig. "I will give any man his price who will help me row back to the beach." And presently two stout sailors swung themselves into the boat. When Miss Lovell and Mr. Thornton walked up to the Orchard Farm, the sun was rising.

"Oh, Guy," cried Essie, coming forward, "we have been so alarmed! The servant said your room had not been occupied, and—"

"You were beginning to wonder if black would become you, eh?"

"*Le roi s'amuse,*" she said significantly. Guy's brow darkened.

"You are mistaken," he returned.

Miss Lovell had a nervous headache, and did not appear again till twilight.

"It has been the longest day in the year," he said, "in spite of the calendar."

"You were up so early."

"You are down so late. Come unto these yellow sands." A dense fog was blowing in shore. "Speaking of love, Miss Lovell," he said, after a dozen topics had been lightly touched and abandoned, "do you think it is of such a slow growth that if one should confess he loved you after a few weeks' intimacy you would doubt him?"

"I don't know."

"Miss Lovell, will you take me for better or worse?"

"Mr. Thornton!"

"You *do* love me, you do care for me," boldly; and Guy's arm was about to inclose her, his lids were bent to her cheek, when a voice out of the fog asked, "Is it private theatricals? Have we intruded behind the scenes?" as Lucia and Duchene drew nearer. "Cousin Guy, there are letters for you and a telegram at the house;" and while he went for the mail in the convoy of his cousin and her escort, Miss Lovell escaped to her room. The telegram proved an urgent summons, and Guy was obliged to leave by the earliest stage next morning. As Miss Lovell, unaware of this fact, was asleep at that hour, he slipped a note of explanation and asservation under her door as he passed down; but the wind blowing through her open window swept it back into the hall, and when Essie tripped by to breakfast it lay in her path. "Miss Lovell," she read, "and Cousin Guy's handwriting," and she carried it to her room, lighted a taper and let it shrivel in the flame. That evening, as Miss Lovell lingered on the veranda, Miss Essie brushed by her and turned, "You are not, perhaps, aware," she said, in an undertone, "that Mr. Thornton is already engaged—has been engaged for years. He has not told you of course—what man ever tells such things when he amuses himself?"

"Yes?" rejoined Miss Lovell, "and I am engaged to marry myself—since some time."

"A *bonne bouche* to write Guy," tho't Essie; "I will put it in a postscript as an afterthought." It was not strange if Miss Lovell became sadly disturbed at Guy's departure without a word, and at his subsequent silence. She could not question his cousins; and as day after day passed without a syllable in explanation, she decided that he had been merely passing the time, as people will at the beach; that it was no true affection, but a will-o-the-wisp which she had mistaken for a reality. Guy, in his turn, was both hurt and angry that she paid no heed to his farewell note; but he had no time to upbraid her, and then came Essie's postscript.

Another letter arrived for Guy in the same mail—a letter from the woman to whom he had been engaged for years:

"MY DEAR MR. THORNTON" (it ran) —"Your last letter was received in May. I returned from Europe early in June, but did not notify you, because I have been revolving a certain matter in my mind. I see that it will be impossible for us to fulfill the engagement which was brought about by our parents. It is out of the question that you who knew me as a mere child seven years ago—have you met me once in that time?—can love me. You used to say that my straight nose was my beauty, and I was thrown from a carriage while abroad and it is now an aquiline feature—not bad for an aquiline, either. I am confident you would sacrifice yourself rather than to disobey the dead, who have mortaged us to each other, so to speak; and I feel obliged to take the initiative and declare our engagement null and void. I have fitted myself for teaching, and have several pupils; and during the enjoyment of my grandfather's estate I have saved enough for a rainy day. Do not attempt to see me or to change my resolve, which is unchangeable. Sincerely,

"JULIETTE L. CAVENDISH."

Guy had not been a deliberate villain in this transaction. Miss Lovell had won his heart before he dreamed of danger; and as for Juliette Cavendish, she was a hobbledehoy school-girl of thirteen when he saw her seven years before—shy, nervous and awkward, with elflocks of tow-colored hair. Her grandfather and Guy's father had been sworn friends, in spite of the disparity in years; and it had been their hobby to unite the family fortunes. If Guy and Juliette failed to marry they forfeited their inheritance. Happily for Guy, he had received a legacy from his mother's family unencumbered by ugly conditions; but he had always supposed he should carry out his father's will and marry Miss Cavendish finally, and they had kept up an irregular correspondence during her sojourn in Europe.

"A strange affair," he thought. "Can she have fallen in love? I feel to blame as if I ought to have taken pains to love her. A snarl always ensues when the dead dictate to the living." At least he was free to marry Miss Lovell; but had not Miss Essie just notified him of a long engagement? He hastened to write Miss Lovell a letter full of bitter reproaches and angry love; but she had bidden adieu to the Orchard Farm before it arrived there, and had left no address, having abandoned hope at the same date; and the poor love-letter, with all its angry protestations, was laid on the shelf, and Guy was obliged to own in his heart that he had been deceived and misled. At about this time he began to wonder what manner of woman Miss Cavendish might be; if she had really a lover; and if not, what had prompted the sacrifice. What but a noble sincerity? After all, why should he hesitate to fulfill his father's will, and unite the fortunes of Cavendish and Thornton? Might she not be taught to love him? He was wise enough to know that his account with love was not closed because one woman had proved untrue. As she had given no address, he called first upon her lawyer as the most likely person to know her whereabouts.

"Miss Cavendish," said the gentleman, "was at the seashore quite lately, by the doctor's orders—a slight difficulty of the throat. Had some crotchet about earning her daily bread, and has been practicing her voice too steadily. Women who can afford to be idle are always hankering for a vocation. Her relatives made such an ado about a Cavendish working that she has cut adrift from them. They made her life a burden. You'd better call in the evening; she has pupils all day. She's in earnest about not marrying, perhaps you know? Perhaps she'll change her mind when she sees you," laughed Mr. Small. "Oh, by-the-way," he called after Guy, "I'm growing absent minded—it's age; don't grow old, sir; it's a bad habit. To spare the feelings of her high and mighty relatives, Miss Cavendish has assumed her mother's maiden name, Lovell—ask for Miss Juliette Lovell."

"Miss Lovell?" gasped Guy. "What does she mean by keeping up such a masquerade with me?"

"You had better go and ask her."

And Guy obeyed.

"I was at the beach for my health." Miss Cavendish explained, later, after some preliminaries had passed. "I could not afford to lose my voice, but I never dreamed of meeting you there. Afterwards I thought perhaps you might grow to like me, if nobody obliged you to do so. I had taken my mother's name, not to deceive you, but because my father's family felt annoyed when I entered the ranks of the laborers. I must either marry you or work. When you asked me to take you for better or worse, I was afraid it was pity instead of love because people were cool to me after our journey to Bagdad, and I hadn't time to confess my secret. I went down next morning to surprise you with it, but you had left without a word. I supposed you had been amusing yourself, as your cousins said; that you could never have loved me under any circumstances; and then I decided you should never know that Miss Lovell was Miss Cavendish, disguised by seven years of Europe and an aquiline nose. So I wrote that letter of dismissal, if you please."

"And, after all, we lose our hearts and keep our commandments, my dear Juliette! What will Cousin Essie say when she hears that Miss Lovell and I have been destined for each other from the beginning."—*Harper's Bazar.*

How a Candidate for Governor of Missouri Conducts his Canvass.

While Colonel Allen was discussing national finances on the hotel piazza Colonel Tom Crittenden quietly slid down off the platform and circulated among the crowd. He wore a delicate white-duck suit, blue necktie and patent-leather pumps, and was the cynosure of all female eyes on the premises. Colonel Tom, with an eye to business, began ogling the babies.

"O, you sweet little darling," said Colonel Tom, addressing a fuzzy, popeyed child that lolled lazily in its mother's arms under one of the trees; "how old is it, ma'am?"

"Four months, sir," said the fond mother.

"A little girl, hey?" said Colonel Tom.

"No, a boy," replied the mother.

"Ah, yes, now that I come to look at it more closely I detect the strong, manly features of a boy," the Colonel hastened to say. "Please, may I kiss the little cherub?"

Colonel Tom shut his eyes and exploded an osculatory sound on the fuzzy face, and the child put up a big lip and threatened to cry.

"He is such a beautiful child," murmured Colonel Tom, "such eyes, such a head, such an expanse of forehead, such a mouth, such a wealth of complexion, such a sweet, tranquil expression."

"La me, you don't really think so, do you?" simpered the flattered mother.

"I never saw a sweeter little cherub," said Colonel Tom; "I believe I'll have to kiss him again."

Having gone through a second osculatory martyrdom, Colonel Tom assumed a seraphic look—a look calculated to strike taffy to the most hardened feminine heart—and got right down to business.

"I'm a candidate for Governor," said he, "and nothing would give me greater joy than to feel assured that I had the support of the father of the sweet babe. Come, let me hold the little darling in my arms. I do think he is just the sweetest little angel I ever saw!"

The flattered mother gave up the fuzzy boy with profuse apologies about its not being well-dressed, etc.; hoped it would not trouble the gentleman, etc.; glad to know he admired it so much, etc.

The fuzzy baby writhed and squirmed and grew red in the face, and wrinkled itself all up, and then lay calm and composed on Colonel Tom's strong right arm.

"The little precious!" cried Colonel Tom. "You'll tell his father how much I thought of his little cherub, won't you, ma'am? And you'll tell him I'm a candidate for Governor, eh, ma'am?"

The poor woman's face dropped and big salt tears came into her eyes.

"O, sir," she said, "you don't know what you ask. My poor husband died two months ago."

There was a far-off look in Col. Tom Crittenden's golden-glinted eyes as he gently but firmly dumped that fuzzy baby on the bereaved woman's lap and walked straight back to the platform and replaced himself on a bench.—*St. Louis Times-Journal.*

CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.—The first Chinamen arrived in San Francisco in 1847, and lost no time in joining the throng of gold-hunters who had gone into the mountains. He found enough of the yellow dross to delight his almond-shaped eyes, and stir a fever in his Mongolian blood. The year following, he wrote to some friends in the Flowery Kingdom of his auriferous luck, and the excitement was as great as it could be among the reposeful Celestials. They began coming to our shores, and in three years some 4,000 had entered the Golden Gate, of which more than one-half tarried in the California metropolis. Then the first Six Companies was organized, with a view to controlling the immigration of their countrymen and making it profitable to those of their number who had already settled in the new land. In less than ten years the Chinese population had appropriated an area of some thirty acres of that city, a good part of which had been originally devoted to fine residences, churches and hotels. That quarter, now known as Chinatown, contains at present about 30,000 Mongolians, or nearly one-fifth of the whole number in the United States. Of these, only some 2,000 are women, or one to fifteen men, a disproportion that has put a premium on Chinese women, and produced a condition of society entirely phenomenal in the Republic. The denizens of Chinatown are not remarkable for versatility, at least so far as their callings are indicative. More than 15,000 are servants, cigar-makers, or sewers of clothing, and many are laundrymen.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF ICE CREAM.—Ices and sherbets for table use were not perfected till towards the middle of the seventeenth century by the Italians. In 1660 Procope Cultelli came and established himself at Paris, rue de l'Ancienne Comedie, opposite the old Comedia Francaise. He sold iced fruits, ice creams flavored with coffee, chocolate, vanilla, etc. The usage began to spread in Paris and the provinces, and limonadiers and traiteurs used to put on their doors—*Ici on glace.* Vatel, the father of the culinary artists, introduced it on the table of the victor of Rocroi. It was the day when Conde recieved Louis XIV at Chantilly. The supper was laid on twenty-five tables. Towards the end of the feast an egg, apparently newly laid, but of different colors, some red, some green, some yellow appeared. The astonishment was general, but the delight was equally general when it was found this egg was an ice.—*The Parisian.*

STORIES OF A MILLIONAIRE.

DANIEL DREW, SUBSTITUTE, CATTLE DRIVER, STOCK SPECULATOR, METHODIST AND BANKRUPT.

The following extracts are from New York papers:

For forty years Daniel Drew was the most grotesque figure in Wall street. He was in middle life when he gave the "boys" his first "pints" on "sheers." When a raw country lad he began to drive cattle from his native village to the New York market, and subsequently opened a stock-yard, kept a tavern and made a fortune in the steamboat business. Shrewd and illiterate, reckless and timid, good-natured and unscrupulous, sometimes generous and always treacherous, he made from five to fifteen millions out of friend and foe, only to lose them all and die a bankrupt. If Hogarth could have lived in Wall st., during the past forty years, "Uncle Dan'l," with seamed face and twinkling eyes, with the stealthy tread of a cat and the bland air of a country deacon, would have been the centre figure in his cartoons.

He was in his seventeenth year—the same age at which Cornelius Vanderbilt borrowed $100 of his mother, bought a boat and began to ferry marketmen from Staten Island to the Battery. Daniel Drew did not borrow his small capital; he earned it by enlisting as a substitute in the State militia, which had been called into service. The regiment was called to Fort Gansevoort, on the Hudson river, opposite New York. About three months after his enlistment hostilities ceased between the United States and Great Britain, and the regiment was mustered out.

"I want my substitute money, mother," said he, one morning after his return to the farm. "I am going to buy cattle and sell them in New York."

"Are you sure you will not lose money by it?" Mrs. Drew was as sagacious and cautious as the mother whom Commodore Vanderbilt delighted to honor all his life long.

"I am sure I shall make money."

He did make money from the start, but he had to work terribly hard for it. He was in the saddle day and night, purchasing cattle in Putnam and Dutchess counties and driving them to the city after nightfall. He was an excellent judge of cattle and a shrewd buyer. When his competitors began to multiply and cut down his profits he engineered his field of operations by making Ohio a base of supply. He needed capital, and he had no securities to offer for loans. He went to Henry Astor, John Jacob Astor's brother, the Fulton Market butcher, who had recently retired from business. "I'll take the risk," said the capitalist after the scheme had been unfolded. It seemed to be a foolhardy, crack-brained scheme. It took nearly sixty days to drive cattle from Ohio across the Alleghany mountains to New York. Out of a drove of 800 head, 200 or 300 would frequently be lost on the way in the forests and mountain fastnesses. Cattle, however, were exceedingly cheap in the Ohio valley, and Drew's profits were so large that he was able in a few years to repay the borrowed money and to extend his operations to Kentucky and Illinois. He is said to have been the first man to drive cattle over the Alleghany mountains.

A newspaper correspondent who visited him soon after the bankruptcy proceedings were announced, found him exceedingly communicative. "I had been wonderfully blessed in money-making," he remarked. "I got to be a millionaire afore I knowed it, hardly. I was always pretty lucky till lately and I didn't think I could ever lose very extensively. I had ambitions to make a great fortune like Vanderbilt and I tried every way I knew, but got caught at last. Besides that, I like the excitement of making money and giving it away. I have given a good deal of money away and am glad of it. So much has been saved anyhow. Wall street was a great place for money making and I couldn't give up the business. I ought to have done so. Now I see plainly what ought to have been done. I ought to have left this street eight or ten years ago and paid up what I owed. When I gave $100,000 to this institution and that I ought to have paid the money. And I ought to have provided for my children by giving them enough to have made 'em rich for life. Instead of that I gave my notes and only paid the interest on 'em, thinking I could do better with the principal myself. One of the hardest things I've had to bear has been the fact that I couldn't continue to pay the interest on the notes I gave to the schools and churches.

During the last year or two Mr. Drew spent considerable part of his time in the city. Mr. Drew was, perhaps, the oldest looking man on Wall street. His eyes never lost their fire, but his face was seamed and scraggy. Some of the veterans say that he used to drive down to his office in a one-horse chaise, looking for all the world like a country minister. He dressed plainly, if not shabbily. His wardrobe is valued in the bankruptcy schedule at $100, exclusive of a great sealskin overcoat, worth $150. Even as a millionaire he had the tastes and habits of a drover. His airy, sedate manner seldom varied. Stock speculators were "the boys," and the victim who came to him for "pints on some sheers" was "my son." He talked with a nasal twang, like a countryman. "Stop speckerlatin'; don't teech Erie with no margin," was the consoling remark which, if rumor may be trusted, he made to some bewildered brethren who had taken "pints" and lost their margins. While his wife was living, his house at Union Square and East Seventeenth street was always open to Methodist clergymen and laymen.—In the schedule of his personal property is the entry, "Bible, hymn books, etc., $150." His temperament made him a "bear;" he was as short-sighted as Commodore Vanderbilt was far-sighted; he aimed at immediate rather than ultimate results. "Yaas, I skinned the boys," he used to say. In the end he was "skinned" himself.

THE LANGUAGE OF POSTAGE STAMPS.—The Albany *Press* says:

The language of postage stamps, instead of flowers, has just

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - - OCT. 3, 1879.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR STATE TREASURER:
DANIEL O. BARR, Allegheny County.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR SHERIFF:
MICHAEL J. NAGLE, of Carroll Twp.
FOR POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR:
JOHN ROBABAUGH, of Croyle Twp.
FOR JURY COMMISSIONER:
JOHN J. HORNICK, of Richland Twp.
FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR:
HENRY SCANLAN, of Carrolltown.

—Of the Republicans in New York city who are opposed to Conkling's candidate for Governor, A. B. Cornell, as well as to his candidate for Canal Commissioner, Soule, and who intend to vote for Gov. Robinson, while at the same time they will support the Republican State ticket with the two exceptions above noted, keep on organizing anti-Cornell clubs, Robinson will receive more Republican votes in that city than Tammany Hall will cast for John Kelly. In one of the wards over hundred Republican rebels have organized themselves into such a club, and the end is not yet.

—The heads of the different departments at Harrisburg held a meeting last week and decided to materially condense the reports annually submitted to the Legislature. The Governor was present and stated that under no circumstances would he call a special session next January. This will be unwelcome news to "workers" like Detroit, but the taxpayers will thank Gov. Hoyt for saving them from the infliction of another meeting of the body that cost them over half a million of dollars for a protracted session of six months, with almost absolutely no equivalent in the shape of general reform and retrenchment in legislative expenses, the great and crying evil of the day.

—SAMUEL J. RANDALL and William A. Wallace, who are popularly but erroneously supposed to carry on their broad shoulders the fortunes for weal or woe of the Democratic party in this State, attended a Democratic picnic on last Saturday at Pine Grove, in Cumberland county, where 5,000 old-fashioned Democrats from the surrounding counties had met together, and both addressed the immense crowd from the same stand. This is a good omen, and shows that true Democrats like Messrs. Randall and Wallace can bury their political and personal rivalries for the sake of a common cause. Daniel O. Barr, candidate for State Treasurer, was also present on the occasion referred to.

—In the editor of the Johnstown *Tribune* will send the well known play of "All's well that ends well," and study the lesson taught by its title, he will save himself an infinite amount of trouble and vexation of spirit in attempting to solve the intricacies of recent Democratic politics in this county, and in perplexing his brain by trying to find out through Mr. Kirby how it has come to pass, notwithstanding the *Tribune* was determined, if it was the result, that the Democratic party should be handicapped with two candidates for Sheriff that it might be loaded to extra weight and now appears as the Clarion mule with only one, which has always been found to be as much as it could safely carry.

—THE registry lists in Philadelphia for 1879 contain the names of 136,000 persons who are supposed to be voters. Among honest men in that city there is a firm belief that these lists embrace at least thirty thousand fraudulent names, for otherwise Philadelphia contains far more voters in proportion to her population than any other city in the Union. It is said that this enormous aggregate of voters was prepared by the Republican managers, for the purpose of electing the city against (Hill) for Sheriff, and the full county ticket, but as other and more disreputable methods were made in obedience to Republican demands, that now not more than one-half the fraudulent names will likely be resorted to at the election. This is truly a nice state of affairs to exist in so *loyal* a city as Philadelphia. In the Democratic city of New York the registration of voters is conducted very differently, there being four days for persons to register previous to the election, with an interval of a week between each day, and every voter, rich and poor alike, is required to go *personally* to the proper place and be registered. With such a registry law as this in force in Philadelphia, Dan Barr would beat Samuel Butler for State Treasurer in that city clear out of sight.

—THE Lancaster *Intelligencer* makes the statement that Horatio Seymour "is perhaps the only single man in the United States to-day who can have the Presidency by simply saying that he will take it." Extravagant as this remark may seem at first sight, it is literally true. On all hands it is admitted, we believe, that the man who will be elected President next year must carry New York, and that without the vote of that State no Democrat has any certain prospect of success. It is as freely conceded that Gov. Seymour would receive the electoral vote of the Empire State beyond all peradventure, no matter who might be the Republican candidate, even the ardent third-term advocate not cherishing a hope that Grant would stand the ghost of a chance against him in that imperial commonwealth. But Horatio Seymour, much as he loves the Democratic party, and easily as he could clutch the glittering prize, will not consent to imperil his own life by taking upon himself the cares and vexations of the Presidential office. How enviable must be the feelings of the man who is conscious of the fact that he could be the Chief Executive of the country if he would consent to accept the place, and what a tremendous responsibility the knowledge of his fixed and settled refusal to take the nomination imposes upon the Democratic national convention in the selection of its candidate!

THE Republican county convention met at the Court House, on Monday last, and nominated the following ticket: Sheriff Thomas Griffith, of Ebensburg; Poor House Director, A. L. Elliott, of Barr township; Jury Commissioner, James W. Daley, of Allegheny township; County Surveyor, William T. McConnell, of Croyle township. Without knowing anything about the interior movements of the party in this county, but basing our opinion upon outside Republican talk, we were led to believe that the nomination for Sheriff would have been awarded to John T. Harris, of Johnstown, who was the nominee for that office in 1873 against Herman Baumer, and proved himself to be a very formidable competitor of that popular and well-known gentleman. Harris possesses untiring energy, any amount of pluck, remarkable powers of locomotion, and great celerity in his movements. Although he cannot, as Sir Boyle Roach said in the English Parliament of a certain bird, be in *two* places at the same time, he can go as near doing so as any man we know of in this bailiwick. For some reason, however, he dropped out of the list of aspirants, but in the improbable event of Mr. Griffith's election would make an efficient and reliable *deputy* for Johnstown and the region thereabouts. And thereby hangs a tale, which, however, there is no necessity for unfolding now.

Mr. Griffith is a very respectable citizen of this place, against whose character and reputation as a business man nothing can be said. He is fortunate in being the possessor of very considerable wealth, and can, therefore, furnish the necessary sinews of war for the campaign without any serious inconvenience. When we say this we mean, of course, in a legitimate way, and do not wish to be understood in any other sense. Mr. Griffith has always been an active and intensely bitter partisan, and has uniformly been as ready to punish a Democrat at the polls as any thick-and thin Republican could possibly be. We do not question his perfect right to do so, since it is an incident of party politics everywhere, and we always respect a man who has the courage to carry out his political convictions. Mr. G. has had some experience in conducting a political campaign in his own behalf, having been a candidate in 1873 against A. D. Criste for County Treasurer. It was the third and last time that the late Samuel Henry was the successful candidate for Assembly, and Mr. Griffith himself made a most remarkable run, having been defeated in the county by only 28 votes. His defeat was purely owing to his indiscretion in buying a keg of lager beer at St. Nicholas, in Barr township, on a certain *Sunday* a very short time before the election, and dispensing it to a crowd that but a few minutes before had emerged from a church at that place. Barr township, in which but for that keg of lager he would have had a good majority, whooped up only two for him, and *that* settled his case.

And now, having said this much some of which is not important, we tell the Democracy of the county that Thomas Griffith is a candidate who is to be watched and feared rather than ignored or laughed at—that he enters upon the race to win, *if he can*, and will make every vote out of the campaign that is in it. Let no Democrat be silly enough to underestimate his strength as a candidate, which he so fully showed in 1875. That kind of running is dangerous, and he will repeat it if it can be done. It must be the business of Democrats, being thus forewarned, to be forearmed, and to make it sure that he does not succeed in his efforts to defeat Mr. Nagle, who we trust will receive the vote of every Democrat in the county.

THE election in Ohio will take place on next Tuesday week, and although it is never safe to predict the result of a hotly contested election in a close State, we cannot resist the belief, from a pretty close observation of the progress of the campaign, that Ewing will defeat Foster for Governor, and that the Legislature will be Democratic. George H. Pendleton is adding to his well-earned reputation as a polished stump speaker, by delivering very able addresses to vast crowds of people in all parts of the State. If money can defeat Ewing the national banks will furnish it—not only the institutions in Ohio, but those in other States as well—for they are all pets of John Sherman, and this is understood to be Sherman's campaign in Ohio as a Presidential candidate. The Democrats in the Legislature of that State last winter passed a very sweeping act against the use of money in elections, known as the Scitz law, and in a speech last week Gen. Ewing gave the money corporations fair warning in the following words:

> Let the National Banks beware. If they push on this combination for the corrupt use of their power in bribing or persuading or menacing voters they will find that their roof-tree will not stand the firmer for that. They will find that there is enough of courage and public virtue in the masses to execute Scitz law against even the wealthiest, and most powerful of its violators; and they will find, too, that this combination to bring their power openly to bear upon Ohio politics will arouse a spirit of resistance among the masses that will demonstrate to them that they would have stood a better chance of success if they had remained concealed under the cover of the Republican party, instead of thus openly appearing as the instigators of corruption, the violators of law and the purseholders and pronounced allies of that party.

ELIHU B. WASHBURNE, late U. S. Minister to France, and member of Congress from Galena, Illinois, where Grant lived when he entered the army as Colonel in 1861, says that Grant has never told any one that he will not be a candidate for a third term. Washburne ought to know whereof he affirms, for he said in a speech in Congress, as Thurlow Weed once said of Seward, that he (Washburne) had invented Grant.

THE yellow fever continued on the decrease in Memphis during last week, the new cases up to Saturday evening amounting to 63, and the deaths to 31. Total number of cases up to that time 1,379; total number of deaths 382. One good white frost at Memphis would produce a feeling of relief and joy among her sorely afflicted people which words are powerless to express.

A PARIS dispatch denies that Gortschakoff will visit Bismarck. Let us weep.

Grant Still a Candidate.

Gen. Grant's friends say that his only remaining ambition is to be allowed to settle back into the peace and quiet of private citizenship. The managers who are exhibiting him in California neglect no opportunity to advertise this desire. At the same time they are doing their utmost to baffle it.

If Grant is weary of travelling around, being stared at by crowds and made the pivot of a complicated system of flunkyism, both interested and disinterested, his way out is very plain. He has only to buy a ticket to Galena and take the first train East.

The Hon. Elihu B. Washburne announces that the citizens of Galena intend to put Gen. Grant's house in that town in perfect repair and furnish it throughout for him. Going into retirement will therefore be an inexpensive operation for Gen. Grant, if retirement is what he wants.

But instead of taking a short road to the privacy and rest for which his soul yearns, Gen. Grant proposes to subject himself to the tortures of publicity for several months longer. He accepts the programme which the flunkies and intriguers who surround him have arranged. He is not a man to sacrifice his own comfort to the gratification of any number of gaping fools. If he really desired to go into retirement, he would go.

It was not until the unpopularity of the Third Term idea became apparent, that Gen. Grant's disinclination to hold office again was in any way manifested. His more prudent friends took their cue at once. His injudicious friends continued to shout for the Third Term. Who believes that Grant's prudent friends are less anxious than his noisy and injudicious friends to see him once more in the White House? The only difference between them is in what they say. The foolish Third Termers shout, "We will put him through with a boom!" The wise ones say, "It is only a case of a national emergency of the gravest character that this patriot would consent to become a candidate."

There is much less prospect now of Grant being President for a third term than there was two years ago, or even six months ago. But this is not because Grant is any the less a candidate. Nor is it because those who would profit by his re-election have abandoned their schemes.

Grant is not out of the field. Until the Republican convention has met and nominated a candidate for President, and until that candidate has written his letter of acceptance, he will not be out of the field. He has billeted himself upon the people for the remainder of his life. He would accept any nomination that promised to elect him. If he believed that the Democratic party stood a good chance to carry the election, he, a Republican now, would accept the Democratic nomination in 1880 as unhesitatingly as he, a Democrat, accepted the Republican nomination in 1868.

Other candidates for the Republican nomination will do well to bear this in mind. And the people will do well to bear it in mind.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THERE died a few days ago, at La Tour Saint Joseph, France, Jeanne Jugan, in religion Sister Mary of the Cross, one of the founders of the order of the Little Sisters of the Poor. She was born in 1793 at Cancale, the capital of oysters, and lived as a servant in a humble station till she was nearly fifty years of age. In 1840 Father Le Pailleur, an assistant priest in the parish of St. Servan, a little town on the Breton coast, whose heart had been moved by the sufferings of the aged relatives of fishermen lost at sea for whom there was no resource but beggary, induced two young orphans, Marie Therese and Marie Augustine, to devote their leisure to the support of an old blind woman of the neighborhood. On her they spent their earnings, they kept her room in order and led her to church. Not long after Jeanne Jugan, noticing the work in which they were engaged, joined them, and when, through the gift of the savings of a woman almost as poor as themselves, they were enabled to rent a low, damp room formerly used as a wineshop, and to place in it twelve beds for their wards, Jeanne became the first "begging sister," going out with a basket to collect from door to door broken food and small coins. The two orphans, who had given up their work to devote themselves to the care of the poor, became with her, under the names of Sister Mary Augustine of Compassion and Sister Mary Theresa, of Jesus, the founders of the now famous order of Little Sisters of the Poor, which now possesses 125 establishments in all parts of the world. The first colony for America was organized August 20, 1868, the Sisters establishing themselves in Brooklyn. The New York house was first situated on Thirty-first street, but now is on Seventieth street, near Third avenue, and the wagon of the Little Sisters has become a pleasant and familiar object to all New Yorkers. No person can be taken care of by the order who is less than sixty years of age, and the charity includes poor women of all denominations. Jeanne Jugan devoted her life to the work, and the happiest day in her noble, unselfish career was that on which the award to her by the French Academy of the highest honor in its gift—the Montyon prize for virtue—called the attention of all France to the work she had so unostentatiously begun and insured for it support and sympathy of thousands of good people all over the world.—*N. Y. World.*

ONE Dr. Simpson has arrived in New York from Texas as a pretended fugitive from Southern persecution. He says he has lived in the South for forty years. Such being the case it is somewhat remarkable that his obnoxious opinions have escaped attention up to this time. The doctor tells a fearful tale of Southern Ku Klux, who he says have reorganized under the name of the Invincible Empire. This will be most acceptable pabulum for the readers of the *Tribune*, in whose columns it need hardly be mentioned the tale of Dr. Simpson makes its first appearance. If the truth were known, Dr. Simpson's sudden exit from the South is due to causes that are far removed from politics. It is still more remarkable that he makes no more exact description of his late residence than "Western Texas." The doctor is no doubt a fraud. He has heard of the avidity of Northern Republicans to swallow any tale of Southern injustice and oppression, and he has concluded to turn it to his personal account. But it has been generally supposed that this field of enterprise has been pretty well worked up.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

SET BACK FORTY-TWO YEARS.—I was troubled for years with kidney complaint, gravel, etc.; my blood became thin; I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about; was an old worn out man all over; could get nothing to help me, until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of 30, although I am 72, and I have no doubt it will do as well for others of my age. It is worth a trial.—(Father.)

—The September report of the condition of the wheat crop indicates an increase over the yield of 1878. The potato crop average for the whole country is 95, against 73 same time last year. The condition of buckwheat is somewhat better than last year; the average is 98 for the whole country. Sorghum averages 95, against 81 last year.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Rowell made about $3 every minute of his walk.

—The largest pumpkin exhibited at the Westmoreland County Fair weighed 125 pounds.

—O'Leary says he will challenge Rowell for a walk to come off in this country within three months.

—Benjamin Williams shot and instantly killed his stepmother, Mrs. Osborne Williams, near Shelby, N. C., Friday.

—Justice L. Gunn was murdered Friday night at his home in Bridgewater, Mass. His son, who is suspected, is missing.

—A dead Baltimore tramp proves to have been the son of the late John Stewart Frazer, a wealthy citizen of Glasgow, Scotland.

—The man who saw Grant's vessel first and was first to propose three cheers has already filed his claim for a postoffice.

—Rowell, the Englishman, won the six days' walking match in New York, making 530 miles. Merritt was second, Hazael third.

—Mrs. Harriet Crana, of Williamsport, fell and broke her neck the other day as she was entering her house with an armful of wood.

—Hayes has been presented a chair made entirely of the polished horns of Kansas steers. He should Hayes-ten home and sit down in it.

—William Phillips, who, as "Pat, the Avenger," gained some notoriety in the Pittsburg riots of 1877, has been sent to jail for beating his wife.

—Thomas J. Griffith, of Utica, N.Y., is said to own the first greenback issued by the United States Government. He has refused an offer of $700 for it.

—At Easton, on Saturday, William Hester, aged twenty, accidentally shot and killed himself while endeavoring to climb on a shed with a loaded gun.

—While Mr. Henry Freed, of Souderton, was out driving a few days since, he was thrown from his wagon, and breaking his neck, was instantly killed.

—Archbishop Wood of Philadelphia has decided that the Grand Army of the Republic is not a secret society, and that therefore Catholics may be members.

—Clark Brown, found guilty of the murder of his father and sister at West Winchester, Ont., September 2d, has been sentenced to be hanged on October 31.

—On Saturday at Fredericksburg, Va., a large bowlder of native white quartz rock was placed to mark the spot where Stonewall Jackson received his death wound.

—Mgr. Capel is about to bring an action against the English "society papers" which announced that he had been suspended from priestly functions because of a scandal.

—While out gunning on a recent occasion in Penn township, Cumberland county, John L. Coover shot a squirrel that measured 2 feet 5½ inches from end of nose to tip of tail.

—Robert Champlain, a farmer of Westfield, Tioga county, Pa., was shot dead while cutting corn a few rods from his house. Suspicion points to his father, with whom he was on bad terms.

—One hundred acres of wheat, cut with a reaper, keeping six binders going, was the work of a Scotch lassie of Lexington, Ind. She used three pairs of horses in relays, but tired them all out.

—Deacon Johnson fell asleep in a front gallery pew in a church at Chatham, Va., and fell over the railing, turning a somersault in the air and striking on Deacon Fuller with crushing effect.

—A party of about 150 exodusters passed through St. Louis on their way to Kansas last week. They claimed to be able to pay their way and take up land when they reached their destination.

—A fire in Carroll, Iowa, on Thursday morning, destroyed the Masonic and Odd Fellows Halls, the Presbyterian church, and over forty stores in the business centre. The loss is estimated at $150,000.

—Pedestrianism in Berlin took this form. A young man made a bet that he would run on all fours from Konigsthor to Weissensee, a distance of two or three miles, and won, in a heavy rain, in two hours.

—General G. W. Stapleton, of Winchester, Ky., is a grandfather, and his grandmother is still living. Mr. Simpson Brock, of the same county, is a grandfather, and his great-grandmother is still living.

—North Coventry township, Chester county, is troubled by the ghost of Hannah Shingle, who was murdered two years ago. Hannah's spirit is as white as snow, four feet high, three feet wide, has no head or limbs and sits on a fence.

—On starting for the seashore from Lancaster, Pa., a man was asked by a friend to send back some fish. In a few days a box weighing 400 pounds came by express, with charges amounting to $6.25, and containing a shark nearly nine feet long.

—A special dispatch from Dallas, Texas, says a party of young men from Dallas and Fort Worth, while hunting in the Pan Handle country in that State, were attacked by Indians on September 11, and seven of their number killed after a fight of two days.

—The new locomotives being built for the Pennsylvania railroad are to have driving wheels five feet eight inches in diameter, and the new schedule for this winter will make the time from Jersey City to Philadelphia, a distance of ninety miles, in ninety minutes.

—The Governor has appointed William R. Leeds, a noted ringster, Clerk of Courts in Philadelphia in place of George Truman, recently murdered. The inconsolable Hartranft was pressed for the place, but was ineligible, not having lived a year in the city.

—Two inches of snow fell at Mount Louis, Quebec, on Thursday morning. Temperatures below the freezing point were reported Thursday night in Michigan and portions of the St. Lawrence Valley, and there were frosts in the Ohio Valley as far south as Cairo, Ill.

—Less than a month ago Mrs. Christian Hiller, of Pittsburg, wrapped her young baby up and took it for a walk. Arriving home she found that it had died in her arms. This so preyed upon her mind that she became insane, and has been missing from home over a week.

—The bell which now hangs in the belfry of the Presbyterian church at Woodbury, N. J., was originally a convent bell, brought over from San Domingo, during the insurrection there in 1791, to Philadelphia, and from thence to Woodbury. It is supposed to be several hundred years old.

—Joseph A. Lowe, a farmer of West Cumberland, Maine, went home from a dance at the fair on Friday night at a late hour, and was found on Saturday morning in his barn murdered, having evidently been struck on the head with an axe. He was thirty years of age and unmarried. Tramps are suspected.

—During a quarrel on Friday night over some property that had been bequeathed them, Edward Decoursey was shot dead by his brother, at the village of Lampton, a short distance from Toronto, Canada. The murderer then took poison, from the effects of which he was not expected to recover. Both men had been drinking.

—A curious method is adopted in France of laying down floors on ground floors, which consists of making a bed of hot asphalt and pressing the boards evenly upon it. Nails are, of course, not necessary, and a perfectly level surface may be obtained afterward by planing. The advantages are very great in some respects in keeping out damp, unhealthy exhalations and preventing rot.

—A family at Solon, Ill., were astonished the other day by the receipt of a box containing the body of their daughter, who had not long before married in Missouri and had died there. Her husband afterward explained that she wanted to be buried at home, and he thought the family would know enough to bury her if they received her.

—A young girl in Nova Scotia was so shocked by a charge of theft made against her by her mistress that she took to her bed and died. To the last she protested that she was innocent. The inquest showed, according to the evidence before the coroner, that death was caused by paralysis of the heart, apparently induced by strong excitement.

—An old woman named Wagner, living in the vicinity of Scranton, has recently become the subject of persecution. A number of young girls asserting that she was a witch, have on various occasions assaulted her, and a few days ago pelted her with stones, inflicting several ugly wounds. Two of the assailants were arrested and are now under bail.

—The Astley Belt walk in New York was finished at 10 o'clock Saturday night. Rowell made 530 miles; Merritt, 515; Hazael, 500½; Hart, 482½; Guyon, 471; Weston, 455; Ennis, 450½; Krohne, 450½, and Taylor, 250½. Thus eight men get into the gate-money limit. The total receipts were $77,000. Of this there was $48,000 net for the pedestrians, $24,000 of which goes to Rowell.

—A barn in Oakland, Jefferson county, Wis., was recently burned by the spontaneous combustion of clover put in the barn in an uncured condition, and covered over with marsh hay, which prevented the gas formed by fermentation of the clover from escaping, until an explosion took place that was heard a mile and a quarter away, and which let the air so suddenly upon the clover that it ignited.

—A Kansas genius, representing himself as a practical farmer, has lately been visiting the fairs in that State with a prize pumpkin, and he took the premiums every time. The pumpkin measured seven feet in circumference and weighed 230 pounds. Several days ago a rival farmer attempted to tap the pumpkin in the absence of its owner, to get some of the seed, and discovered that it was made of wood.

—Westfield, N. J., has a family feud sensation. After a dispute between Mr. Cassidy and Mr. Bendermecker, the latter finding the goat of the former in his yard, sawed off the animal's horns and striped him with paint. The next day the Cassidys whitewashed Bendermecker's jackass. When the lime began to work the ass became frisky, dashed into a glass conservatory, and finally jumped down a well and broke his neck.

—Cardinal Manning did a remarkable thing, on Monday, September 8, in the way of ecclesiastical activity. He said mass in Liverpool in the morning, and breakfasted; christened the Duke of Norfolk's son and heir in London at 4 in the evening, and addressed a large meeting of Catholics in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, at 10 P. M. Not a bad day's work for a tectotaller of seventy-one years of age, says the London *World*.

—Frederick Harvey, living near Muddy Creek, Greenbrier county, W. Va., went to hear a funeral sermon preached a few mornings ago and, returning home, after conversing with his stepdaughter seized her by the hair and attempted to cut her throat. She was horribly mutilated, and after a desperate struggle escaped. He then went into the yard and cut his own throat from ear to ear. The man is believed to have been laboring under a fit of religious frenzy.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morris, of Valinia township, Cass county, Mich., were murdered Sunday night, it is supposed for the purpose of obtaining money received from a large sale of wheat recently made by Mr. Morris. His body was found on the back stairs of his house on Monday morning with two bullet holes through the neck. The body of his wife was found in a bed room closet. She had been shot four times in the breast. There is no clue to the murderers.

—The smallest and sharpest bank robber in the world has been detected in Council Bluffs, Iowa. A long time ago the cashier missed $1, $2 and $5 bills frequently out of small pasteboard box which he kept standing on the counter. Recently several workmen were engaged in tearing down the old vault in the building, and in a hole in the inside of the vault, just above the door, they found a dead mouse lying on top of a large-sized nest. The nest was found to be wholly constructed of small pieces of $1, $2 and $5 bills.

—There is living in the Virginia town of Marion a 12-year-old boy with a broken neck. According to the *Enterprise*, published in the neighboring town of Wytheville, the little fellow's neck was broken several years ago, at which time iron and steel bars were run along the spine and clasped on both sides of the face. The head is thus held in one position. Some days ago the framework used broke and the head fell to one side, cutting off the power of speech. The mother put the head in a natural poise until the clasp had been mended, when all went well, as before.

—The failure of the First National Bank of Butler, Pa., makes a much more complete financial wreck than was at first reported. According to the estimate of the controller of the currency an assessment of a hundred per cent. will have to be made on the stockholders of the bank to pay the creditors in full. The stock held by the parties who are able to pay amounts to about $24,000, while the rest of the stockholders who have used the money of the bank are reported to be bankrupt. It is stated that criminal proceedings will be instituted against the officers of the bank.

—Rats did queer work in a South Hadley house. In the passing years they carried off forty pairs of shoes and hid them behind some boards near a chimney in the attic. They had also carried off a package of letters to stow away, one of which was written by a lady in Aurora, N. Y., to one of the Barbers at Groton, Conn., about a century ago. These Barbers were friends of Whitefield, and that farmer divine used to preach from the porch of their house to the crowds assembled in front. These letters became the property of the descendants of the Barbers, who moved to South Hadley.

—Mathias Berger, aged 65, a German hermit, has just been discovered in the Blue Mountains, in northern Berks county. He is a Catholic religieuse, lives in a small but entirely alone, prepares his own meals and does very little more than read religions literature. He predicts his own death Easter week, 1881. He was born in Prussia, has no relatives or friends here, and never leaves the mountain he has inhabited for the past twenty years. His nearest water supply is a half mile off, and during winter months he uses snow water. He has long gray hair and whiskers and looks like a patriarch.

—Recent dispatches to the Cincinnati *Commercial* say that Columbus and Circleville are both excited over the elopement of Miss Lizzie Irwin, of the latter place, with "Dr. E. A. Eakins, a married physician of Philadelphia." The story in a nutshell is that Eakins is a villainous man and Miss Irwin an emotional girl, over whom the fellow obtained such mastery that she ran away with him on Tuesday night. Geo. Irwin, the girl's brother, came up with the fugitives in Columbus and at once had Eakins put in jail, taking his sister back home. Miss Irwin is prostrated with grief, not at the loss of Eakins, but at her own weakness as exhibited to the world.

ARTISTIC UPHOLSTERY.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 27, 1879.

A special attraction at the Grand Depot is the new gallery on the Market-street centre of the building, now devoted to the exhibition of such fabrics as are suitable for furnishing purposes, and are eagerly sought for by women who love to make beautiful homes. Never before in our history has there been such a demand for these goods, which fact may be in part accounted for by the study and attention at present given to the comfortable and at the same time stylish furnishings of the homes of the masses, as well as the improved taste of our people, and, we may add, the attractions of the varied and artistic designs and colorings of the new materials.

At one time the most desirable styles were too costly to be within reach of any but the wealthy, but now, since the introduction and manufacture of raw silk, spun and raw silk mixed, ramie and jute tapestries of very beautiful styles and effects are produced which have about the appearance of the antique and costly goods of former times, but at a much lower price, so that by a little economy and good taste a whole house can be made elegant and comfortable at even less money than it used to cost to furnish a single room with similar stylish effect.

In our limited space we can only give hints of a few of the principal styles and colorings which are most appropriate for window furnishing in the different rooms of a modern house. The greatest number of shades are being made of holland of various colors, such as brown, drab and stone, made with spring-balance fixtures and finished on the bottom with silk-cord loop of color to match. Price for ordinary size window from $1.25 to $1.50 each; also, the same with a band about six inches wide from the bottom, either plain or embroidered in various colorings of silk. This makes a very pretty finish and costs about 50 cents extra per running foot, or for a shade complete for ordinary size window say from $2 to $3.50.

Another quite new and very pretty style of shade is made of French etamine, with a band of linen antique lace insertion, about six inches from the bottom, and an edging to match on the lower edge of curtain; these can be made in various styles of etamine, plain and striped, and in white or ecru, and will cost from $3 to $12.

In the hand-painted cambric shades the colors most used are cardinal, olive, London smoke, seal brown and stone, and cost, trimmed with silk loop at bottom, from $1.25 upward, according to size.

Shades with gilt or gold leaf dado across the bottom, and also with plain gold or gilt bands, made in various styles, qualities and prices, can be made in any coloring to suit the rooms.

CURTAINS.

The most fashionable styles are the English long hanging or heavy curtains, and are used for parlors, libraries, sitting and dining-rooms, and for the latter a very pretty curtain is made of jute tapestry, which is usually in quiet colors, and can be used with most of the new styles of carpets; it is sold by the yard, without border, or with a fringed border, all woven in one piece, or in regular-made curtains bordered on one or on both edges, and with dado across the bottom, and costs for regular curtains from $8.50 per window, and by the yard from 60 cents to $1.25 per yard, and can be used without lining; they are frequently used without trimming, but the addition of a jute fringe at 18 or 22 cents per yard, or a worsted fringe at 25 cents per yard, is a great improvement to their appearance. With these curtains, white or ecru guipure, Nottingham or antique lace are suitable for the under curtains next to the window.

Library and sitting-room long curtains are made of Bendler stripes, figured Bourrette and spun silk tapestry in Turkish and Roman colors. This fabric is used without lining. Bands made of the same material, or tassel loops made in colors to match, are used for looping back; the former stripes can be had from $1 per yard, and the latter at from $3 per yard upward.

The curtains are suspended from poles and rings made of walnut, oak, ash, ebony or brass, and cost from $3 upward per window, and can be made to draw back the curtains to either side of the window with perfect ease. The tapestries can be procured in colors to harmonize with the new styles of carpets and wall paper, as they are made in the same colors and patterns.

White and ecru curtains are new stylish and popular, and are very appropriate for under curtains for parlors and long sitting rooms. These are made of linen canvass and plain and striped etamine with insertion and edge of linen antique lace, and range in price from $7 to $70 per window. Many of the styles are very elegant, and are used in the most handsomely-furnished parlors in connection with plain satin long hangings and draperies, although for this purpose the fine Brussels lace curtains are the most in keeping and can be had as low as $30 per pair.

The satin, brocade and damasse, which is now used for parlor curtains, can be had at from $5.50 per yard upward, and is made with lining and inter-lining and trimmed across near bottom and top with bands of silk plush and bands for looping back curtains. The lower band is cut about fourteen inches and the upper band about ten inches in width, and the loops about six inches wide. The most fashionable colors for the body curtains are old gold with crimson silk plush bands, olive with garnet silk plush bands, crimson with old gold plush bands, or turquoise blue with cranberry color plush bands, and are suspended on poles or cornices to suit the surroundings. Either ebony or brass poles and brackets are now considered the most appropriate.

L.

The Dry Goods now being distributed at the Grand Depot is almost beyond conception. In one single day no less than 917 cases were received from various manufacturers.

FACTS INCONTROVERTIBLE.—The people of Cambria county, or a goodly portion of them at least, will substantiate the fact—

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $8.50 to $2.75, we are never out of them;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $4.00 to $3.00, we always have them on hand;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $5.50 to $4.00, they are always in stock;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $7.50 to $5.75, we can always find them for customers;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $8.50 to $6.75, we don't tell people we have just sold the last suit;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $12.25 to $10.50, we can always furnish a perfect fit.

Remember that the goods quoted above are lined throughout, and are saleable, desirable and serviceable clothing.

Pants we can sell in jeans from 50c. up; in cotton worsted from 90c. up; in cassimeres from $2.75 up. In gents' furnishing goods we can sell white laundried shirts from 40c. up; calico shirts from 20c. up; undershirts and drawers from 25c. up; suspenders from 6c. up; half hose from 4c. up; hats from 25c. up; caps from 5c. up. The largest stock of trunks and valises in Altoona.

Remember we are slaughtering summer clothing, straw hats, etc., in order to close out all kind of summer wear at the New Clothing Depot, 1230 Eleventh avenue, which is known far and near as the cheapest house in the trade, and the best place in the country to buy good clothing, hats, caps and furnishing goods at honest prices.

CHARLES SIMON,
In Dr. Christy's Building, in rear of Logan House, Altoona, Pa.

HOW SHE DID IT was a subject of absorbing interest to those who realized how sadly disease had impaired her once marvellous beauty. Physicians of eminence had exhausted their skill in her behalf, and it yet seemed impossible to effect a cure. She had long been a sufferer from pains in the side, back and head, dyspepsia ensued, the appetite failed, and the nerves became unstrung. A torpid liver and inflamed kidneys intensified the trouble. It was a complication that not unfrequently occurs through the pernicious influence of one diseased organ upon another, until the whole body is in unnatural sympathy. Finally, when Sandaline was tried, a desirable reaction immediately commenced. The process of recuperation progressed until the full natural standard of health and vigor was regained. There are thousands of similar instances where Sandaline cured when doctors and drugs had failed. It is a priceless boon to the despondent, as it opens to them a way from death to life, and, to ailing multitudes of these are in the enjoyment of perfect health. Will do just as recommended, if used as directed, or the money refunded. Sandaline Cologne is the most charming and delicious perfume yet discovered. Price $1. Ask your druggist. Dr. Gounod's great medical work, full of interest, over 250 pages. Price $1. Send for it.

BAD FOR HOLLIDAYSBURG.—The following paragraph is taken from the letter of the Hollidaysburg correspondent of the Altoona *Tribune*, published in that paper on Monday last. If "neither a murmur nor deceit, a flaw a naught in malice," the seat of justice of Blair county is on the downward road to perdition at a frightful rate and if the moral brakes are not at once applied, her final doom may be terrible to contemplate. What has the *Standard* to say about it?

GIDEON'S BAND.

The same drunken performances were re-enacted on Saturday. Young men and old men in all the stages of drunkenness could be seen in all parts of town. Two Duncansville puddlers, whose faces were covered with dirt and blood, came over the bridge and made for the passenger depot. The one managed to get on the noon train, while the other fell on the platform and was tossed over the yard fence, where he lay dead drunk all afternoon. A man named Eckerd took $20 out of the drunken man's pocket which no doubt would be returned to him when sober. Another man who had just purchased and put on a new suit of clothes was seen wallowing in the dust at the east end of the bridge, while a young man was hanging over the railing heeling the boys, if they could be induced to eat such food as he presented to them. Such was a fair specimen of the sights in every street.

DR. J. L. MCKEE, of 149 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, one of the oldest and most reliable physicians of the Uroscopian system of diagnosing diseases of the internal organs, is daily curing the most severe chronic cases, and by his successful method has gained the confidence of the community. Send him a vial of morning urine by express (not by mail), with name and age, and have the necessary medicine sent for a cure. Charges moderate. [8-12.—e.o.w.3m.]

THE Russian Court invited Dr. Ayer and his family to the Archduke's wedding in the Royal Palace. This distinction was awarded him not only because he was an American, but also because his name as a physician had become favorably known in Russia on its passage round the world.—*Pueblo (Col.) People.*

THE Shippensburg *Chronicle* of last week concludes an able editorial on the political outlook in this State as follows:

"Our candidate for State Treasurer, Mr. Daniel O. Barr, is eminently worthy of the position, and he will receive a heavy vote outside of his own party, especially in the western part of the State. And in voting for him, every citizen, be he Democrat, Republican, or National-Greenbacker, can rest assured he is voting for an intelligent, honest, economical man, who will faithfully perform the duties of his office. As we have said before, both by education and experience, he is just the man to be State Treasurer of Pennsylvania. He is affable in manner, and easy of approach, but, better than all, is firm, and will do what he promises. No ring or clique will be able to control him. The old Jeffersonian standard, "Is he honest? Is he capable?" finds a true exponent in Daniel O. Barr. He can be elected if the Democracy *want* to elect him, and we believe they do and will.

"Cumberland county will give Mr. Barr not less than 1,000 majority; Berks can and ought to give him at least 7,500; York from 3,500 to 4,000; Lehigh can give him 2,500; Columbia, 2,000; Schuylkill, from 1,500 to 2,000; Northampton, 2,500 to 3,000; Monroe, 2,000; Centre, 1,500; Lycoming, 2,000 to 2,500; Cambria's "frosty sons of thunder" can give from 1,200 to 1,500; Greene, whose Democracy never fail to do well, 2,000; Westmoreland, "the Star of the West," 2,000 to 2,500; Fayette, 1,200 to 1,500; Greene, 600 to 2,000; and the other Democratic counties can do equally as well in proportion. We think we are below rather than above the figures in our estimate of what the counties named should and can do. Now, then, what is to prevent bringing Pennsylvania again into the Democratic column? Nothing but inertness and indifference on our part, and, to-day as we can see and learn, nothing of the kind prevails in our ranks to-day."

A SINGULAR FREAK OF NATURE.—The Cincinnati *Gazette* relates the following:

A singular freak of nature is shown in a marble mantel at the Cincinnati Exhibition. In one of the onyx pilasters are seen the outlines of a woman's form, plainly defined, and when the mantelpiece first assumed its growth and consistence. Its discovery was the result of an accident. One of the workmen turned the polisher upside down, and the strange beauty of the features of the face at once attracted his attention. His employers were summoned, and the pilaster reversed is now the chief ornament of the mantel.

Established in 1842.

With

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY MORNING, - OCT. 3, 1879.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

HERE, THERE AND THE OTHER PLACE.

—There are seventeen prisoners in the county jail.

—It is a mistake to suppose that the equinoctial is half horse and half steer.

—Clearfield county contributed six more names to the penitentiary last week.

—As dry as a toper and but as a bum, is the weather just now that's having a run.

—Kindling wood and potatoes will be received in payment of debts due this office.

—Mr. J. J. Krise, formerly of this county, is lying dangerously ill at his residence in Altoona.

—That cambria Iron Company, Johnstown, paid $200,000 in gold coin to its employees last Saturday.

—Mr. Samuel Kinter, an old resident of Cambria township, died last Monday evening, aged about 70 years.

—The dwelling-house of Mr. Dilmon Yon, Duncansville, Blair county, was destroyed by fire last Friday.

—Miss Jennie Gheer, of Bell's Mills, Blair county, is going as a Methodist Episcopal missionary to Japan.

—The sale of the Wm. M. Lloyd property in Ebensburg, this week, at Altoona, was quieted, and fair prices were realized.

—The pheasant season began on Wednesday of last week, but very few were killed.

—The October rumor is to be credited, the crops are alive with birds of that feather.

—The employees of the Cambria Iron Company have organized a beneficial society since the style of an accident insurance association.

—The unwilling drouth has struck the purchasing provisions, and as a consequence water has to be hauled from town, a distance of more than a mile.

—On the first day of November next, the Cambria Iron Company, Johnstown, propose to equalize the wages of their employees in all the departments.

—A famous horse owned by Mr. R. F. Shaffner died recently, $45, in a special freeze-out at the Dauphin county fair last Friday, valued at $2,500.

—Chas. Dodt, Esq., of Johnstown, talks of moving to Hollidaysburg during the continuance of the Fair in that city, to shoot for the glass ball championship.

—Mr. Lemuel Gumbert, of the Johnstown *Feiel Presse*, and Williams, of the Carrolltown *News*, represented the weekly editorial fraternity at the republican convention Monday last.

—Democratic papers are being pitched up in this neighborhood. What does it mean? "W" stands for Jere Negley and Greenback. Does it mean Negley and Allison. Wild turkey is about all there, and a plenty in the same neighborhood.

—William Rider and Vincent Luckett, of Jacob Eisenfelt, of Gallitzin, and Hall Gates, of South Fork, were on Friday last taken to the charge of locomotives of running division.

—Mr. Hughes, the respected wife of our fellow-townsman, Edward Hughes, now of town, Iowa, is in town at a visit to friends. We are glad to note that time's ravages have not left her gently.

—An ice-cream festival in aid of the Presbyterian church of this place was held in the house east of Collins, Johnston & Co.'s, last Friday evening. A sum approximating $60 was realized.

—Mr. Thomas Rodgers, employed at the Cambria mines at Johnstown struck for an increase in wages the other day. Signs pointing to stop the coining mill, they resumed work at old rates.

—The Pennsylvania branch of the United States Christian Commission, after it went out of business this year, held its annual meeting in this city last week, having closed housekeeping last Monday and returned to their customary quarters in Washington city.

—Lots of new goods and plenty of big bargains at Gumbert's mammoth mercantile house. The best of goods and the lowest prices ever presented. Call and see. Never-failing W. R. See new advertisement on this page.

—Rather than have any Grant fling about Delegate Gramling withdrew his name from the list of aspirants for Jury Commissioner. The Republican county convention will vote for that was about the only thing in it.

—Emeline, a three-year-old daughter of conductor Benjamin Kneipper, was accidentally scalded by a younger sister into a tub of scalding water at the home of the family in Altoona, Monday last, and scalded so badly as to cause its death on Wednesday.

—Dr. Thomas F. Findley, a well-known Altoona physician, died in that city last Saturday. He was a son of Dr. William R. Findley, also of Altoona, who is one of the oldest homœopathists in Central Pennsylvania. The age was about 28 years.

—Mr. Jacob Gleim, of Allegheny township, Cambria county, has received from the Pittsburgh Exposition Society the premium of $50 for the finest display of hops in the exhibition. Mr. Gleim is a practical farmer, and his success in hop culture is a matter of congratulation.

—Mr. Frank Gilbert, of Johnstown, has resigned the position of Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue for this district, and contemplates removing to Pittsburgh. Though numerous rumors as to the exact figures of the late robbery of Mr. Gilbert are entertained, the robbery involving the sum of about $1,000, which sum was made good by bondsmen, yet he gave satisfaction in the performance of his duties. His successor has not been named.

—On Saturday last, a blue toy balloon was found hanging to a tree on Warrior Ridge, three miles north of Petersburg, Huntingdon county. A tag was attached to it, which bore the following inscription: "Sent up by James Singer, Sept. 18." As ex-Register and Recorder of Cambria county bears a name similar to the foregoing, but we do not laugh at a man in his blue toy balloon business. Who, then, lays claim to the name attached to the tag?

—An Englishman from Lloydsville, whose name is said to be Burns, stopped at the Clearfield House, Tyrone, on Monday evening, and then they turned around and went home. About 4 o'clock he went out, saying that he would return in a short time, but has not since been heard from. The animal, a dun mare, was still at Tyrone a few days ago, and Mr. Biddle, the proprietor of the hotel, would like to have some information in regard to the owner.

—A. J. Teitelbaum, of Loretto, has just got back from the Eastern cities, bringing with him the largest stock of fall and winter goods ever before seen in that section. The attention of customers is invited to this fact, as well to the fact that a marked reduction has been made in his price-list. He now sells all manner of general merchandise from a paper of pins to a piece of calico, and is constantly receiving new goods from any other retail dealer. If you want a bargain, Mr. Teitelbaum's is the store you should visit.

—The following named persons were fortunate enough to draw the principal prizes at a picnic recently held in New Germany: Joseph Hogan, of Wilmore, although not an artist, drew a fine picture; Mrs. Joseph Dunmire, of Croyle township, has something handmire in an elegant quilt, and Mr. Joseph Wess, of the same township, will no doubt find comfort under a comfortable bed comfort which fortunately fell to his lot. The enterprise realized $175, which is so much for so much.

—Mr. Matthias Hoffman, of Carrolltown, was in Clearfield county Monday of last week, and while traversing the highway leading from Clearfield town to Penfield, was waylaid by a desperado and robbed of a check for fifteen dollars and some small change sufficient to make up a round V with a club, cutting a fearful gash in his head, but not fatally hurting him. So arrest has yet been effected, though Mr. Hoffman, who was in town Tuesday last, thinks there is no doubt of the ultimate capture of his assailant.

—The laborers employed in the following mines at and around Lilly's station, this county, have gone out on a strike: Rossiter's, owned by S. H. Smith, of Altoona; Sonman, owned by W. H. Piper & Co., of Philadelphia, which was formerly the property of J. H. Dieter & Co., of Altoona; a mine owned by Dysart & Co., and operated by Capt. Lloyd; and a mine owned by Meixner & Lear, and two or three mines of smaller capacity. The miners demand an advance of ten cents per ton over the prices at present paid.

—It may be mentioned as a remarkable fact that the borough of Tunnelhill, this county, has become quite populous since its incorporate limits. At the Republican convention, Tunnelhill was therefore not represented. It was said by the *Northern News* that Carrolltown could boast of only one Republican, but it seems that two persons who confess that political faith were accredited delegates to the late convention. Perhaps we could name two others who weren't there. Republicanism is evidently at a discount in some portions of Cambria county.

—A telegram from our esteemed friend Joe H. Gudd, of Wayndotte, Kansas, formerly of Johnstown, brings the sad intelligence of the death of his wife's child, Johnie, aged about 2½ years. The deceased was a victim of consumption, and when we saw him for the first and last time, about eight months ago, we felt sure that death was the only relief for which there was a reasonable hope. The bereaved parents have our sincere sympathies in their sorrow, and we are supplied with the earnest hope that their darling boy is now in the enjoyment of peace eternal.

—Our friend and subscriber Joseph Hogne, Esq., of Allegheny township, has presented us with a monster turnip, 30 by 25 inches in girth, and weighing 11½ pounds. It would make several square meals for any one family of ordinary appetite. At the same time, he presented us a twin apple—two perfect apples joined together, *a la* the Siamese twins, and having only one common stem. It is a curiosity. Both turnip and apple or apples are open to the inspection of the curious in such matters, until the meantime, if there is a turnip in the land that can get away with Squire Hogne's turnip in the matter of heft and bigoness, we would like to see it turn up in this establishment at the earliest possible date.

—We clip this personal mention from last Monday's Altoona *Tribune*: "Mr. D. B. Gibbons, representing the well known house of Thomas J. Martin, of New York and Pittsburgh, importer and dealer in teas, coffees and spices, is in the city. 'Dave' is the man who can 'talk tea,' and the firm he represents is fortunate in possessing such a competent salesman. Mr. Martin, Mr. Gibbons is building up his trade rapidly, and it will doubtless not be long until he has the best 'run' in this section of the State. He goes to Ebensburg to-day." We commend Mr. Gibbons to the favorable consideration of those of our readers who deal in teas, coffees and spices, and want a pure article.

—Friday of last week, Mr. James Bradley, of Loretto, this county, walked into John Dibert & Son's hardware store, Johnstown, and negotiated for the purchase of a revolver. It was fully charged with cartridges, and, placing the muzzle to his left breast without ever waiting to pay for it and without a word of warning or explanation, he discharged the contents of one chamber into his own body. He was dangerously wounded, but medical skill, it is thought, may avail to bring him back from the confines of eternity to health and strength again. Mr. Bradley is a young man—25 years old, probably—and the only explanation for the commission of the rash act is to be found in the fact that he had been on a prolonged spree for several days.

—The Ebensburg picked nine of ball-tossers went to Loretto last Saturday afternoon, and measured bats with the St. Francis College nine. After some most prodigious exercise, lasting about three hours, the Ebensburgers achieved a victory by scoring 40 against 34 for the other fellows. It was well it was not a hot day! This makes a game a piece for each of the clubs, and the home-and-home game is expected to be played on the same grounds at an early day. Just prior to the beginning of the game, Mr. Don. Kittell, a member of the Ebensburg nine, was so unfortunate as to be struck by the ball below the left eye, and was so badly hurt as to disable him from taking his accustomed place in the field. The game was therefore perforce played by the Ebensburgers with eight men.

—Co. F, 133d Regiment, P. V., is the title which should properly have surmounted the roster of the surviving members of the company as printed by us last week, in stead of Co. A. The latter company hailed from Johnstown, with Capt. John Downey as commander. Co. F lost nearly fifty per cent. of its number by death, wounds or disease, and made a record than which none is prouder. The name of one of the privates of Co. F. was Samuel S. Gilsan, who, we learn, subsequent to his discharge from the service studied for the ministry and eventually took charge of a Presbyterian church in Fayette county. During the summer just ended, his health became so delicate that he resigned his pastorate and went to Europe, to test the advantages of a change of climate.

—The lecture of Mr. E. F. Cleave at the Court House on Friday evening last was well attended and well received by most of the audience, though it must be admitted that some disagreed very widely with the conclusions of the lecture, while others took exceptions to his method of treating the subject. Still it was not to be expected that he, a convert to the Catholic faith, would please everybody, though it is only just to say that he is a fluent and pleasing talker, and having been educated for the Episcopal ministry, it cannot be denied that his attainments are of a high order, while his utterances are no doubt in keeping with the honest convictions of his mind. We clip from the track a synopsis of the lecture, but as its publication might possibly lead to a misconception of the motive, we deem it best to withhold it.

—Our townsman Mr. George J. Rodgers has for some time past been filling the position of boss for the Cambria Iron Company on railroad service improvements being perfected by that corporation in Conemaugh borough. It may be an item of news for our readers that the C. I. Co. already own in the neighborhood of twenty-five miles of track in and around Johnstown, not including tracks traversing their coal-mines, and that each year the number of miles is being materially increased. The C. I. Co. have lately purchased some mineral lands in Fayette county, near Uniontown, with the object in view of manufacturing coke, and, after the work he is now engaged on shall have been finished, Mr. Rodgers will go thither to superintend operations. He has our best wishes in his new field of labor.

—An order has been issued by the officers of the P. R. R. requiring the engineers of the passenger trains on the Pittsburg Division to feel the wheels of all cars after they have reached Altoona to ascertain if they have been heated by the application of the brakes while descending the mountains. While feeling his way along a train last dark night, the Braddock *Times* says that Jim Doran came across a truck that had a very cold wheel and a very hot one—a phenomenon he could not account for, until a car inspector relieved his perplexed mind by telling him it was a sleeping car. These cars have three wheels on each side of the truck, and the brakes do not touch the middle wheel. Hence Jim's perplexity. Mike Dalley's hand also came in unpleasant contact with a wheel, and he doesn't want any more of that in his.

—Near Gettysburg, Indiana county, on Friday last, Mr. Hezekiah Buterbaugh attempted to remove a kettle of boiling cider from a fire which had been built under it for the purpose, when a barrel upon which one end of the pole rested accidentally upset, overturning the kettle and causing the cider to flow into a hollow in the ground, wherein sat three of Mr. Buterbaugh's children, all of whom were scalded in a shocking manner—two of them so badly that death followed soon after, one of the little unfortunates dying on Friday night and the other on Saturday morning. Both of them were buried on Sunday, at which time the third victim was still living, but so excruciating were his sufferings and so severe his injuries that the attending physicians had but faint hopes for his recovery. Could anything more than this it has seldom been our duty to record.

TOUCHING TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF REV. FATHER CHRISTY.—At the second reunion of the Seventy-eighth regiment, P. V. L., held in Pittsburg last week, the committee consisting of Col. Archibald Blakeley, Lieut. Jos. B. Aschots, of Co. E, and H. H. Bengough, of Co. K, was appointed to draft a memorial minute expressive of the sense of the regiment on the death of their late chaplain, Rev. Father R. C. Christy, who, as our readers well know, was the immediate successor of Father Boyle as the efficient pastor of the Church of the Holy Name in this place. Said committee promptly and feelingly discharged the mournful duty imposed upon them, as the following generous, pathetic and well-merited tribute to the memory of the brave soldier-priest, which we copy from the Pittsburgh *Leader* of last Friday, amply testify. The committee say:

At the outbreak of the rebellion the Rev. Father R. C. Christy was quietly engaged in the discharge of his duties as a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, in the city of Pittsburgh, Pa. When the Seventy-eighth Regiment was organized he was commissioned its Chaplain by Governor Curtin. He was personally known at that time to but very few members of the regiment, the organization being largely Protestant in their religious belief, its appointments were severely criticised and looked upon with disfavor, but Father Christy, a gentleman and preacher of great ability he gained to esteem without ostentation, in his quiet, simple, child-like way, gained the confidence of all. His tent, or office, for it down beside us and talked as only a true friend can talk, drew out our hearts to him and compelled us to love him.

In all our troubles and all our conflicts he was the able, discreet, cheerful, hopeful counselor. In sickness, whether the sufferer was in the surgeon's tent, in the hospital or in the private hut of the soldier, in hospital or falling out by the way, he always cheered by the burthen and heat of the day, Father Christy was there to comfort, to console, and to cheer and lift up the fainting soldier. In all these things this he never neglected the material comforts of the soldier, and all that he could command in the shape of delicacies, he provided for the sick and invalids. He was a good provider and forager for the sick, he provided with our scant means and often at the expense of his own purse.

In battle he was with the front line, and to see his stalwart form bestride his horse while he would gallop to carry him to the rear and to the surgeon's care, was a picture never to be forgotten. He was under fire four and fifteen days and shells were faced by him with the same complacency as he would meet a storm of rain or snow.

His large acquaintance and influence in the army gained for him many favors that he would not have had without him. In the winter of 1863, after the siege of Chattanooga and while encamped on Missionary Ridge, in the building, where an introduction to John Hill, Esq., one of the leading spirits of the entertainment, not only rendered it far from an up-hill business to obtain a comfortable seat at one of the most invited tables, but secured for us the unsought for and unlooked for hospitalities of his comfortable home during the rest of the night for a rest for the night. By the way, Mr. Hill formerly resided in the vicinity of Cherry-tree, where he married his amiable and excellent young wife, a sister of our friend Harry Kinports, but he is now a practising attorney in Indiana. But to return to the banquet. Here, we have no doubt, the ultimate L. were conducted to one of the many tables which it is truth to say were literally overloaded with as rich a feast as we ever sat down to, and although we lacked the appetite to enjoy it to the full, we nevertheless felt that it was a mighty nice thing to be there. The tables were presided over by hosts of young and handsome ladies, elder among whom was Miss Fannie Nixon, a regal beauty without whose presence and participation it would be almost impossible, we were assured, for such a "feast of reason and flow of soul" to be so delightfully successful as this elegant affair certainly was. And yet not to be alone should the mede of praise be given, for all did their parts with that charming grace and vivacity for which American ladies are proverbial, while none displayed more affability or elicited more smiles of approval than Miss Delia Mitchell, the modest little beauty who took a special interest in providing for the wants of the lucky "Seventy-eighth" who got the good fortune to be numbered at one of the tables. She well deserves to be classed among the "sweetest of the sweet," and if a good word from us should ever be needed to —well, she understands the rest. And now, in conclusion, let us say that after the banquet was over, which by the by, was not the most amusing and a young clergyman named Henderson, in response to "The Ministry of Peace," the most sensible and patriotic, a fine song was well sung, choice music delightfully rendered by the band, and a good time generally enjoyed all around, as could not fail to be the case with Capt. Dan. S. Porter, a brave soldier and true gentleman, as the master of ceremonies. And thus ended a most enjoyable reunion long to be remembered to the infinite credit of the good people of Indiana, and thus ends our rambling address of a brief visit to a town we have not seen since we filled the position of clerk in Collins' store some two or three miles from said borough, while the branch road was being constructed, nearly a quarter of a century ago. Of course the Indiana of to-day is not the Indiana of twenty odd years ago, but we haven't the time or space now to note the wonderful strides it has meantime made in the grand march of improvement.

BOGUS CERTIFICATES.—It is no vile drugded stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, &c., and puffed up by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines.—*Exchange.* See another column.

—Mr. M. A. Wooden married Miss Laura K. Holmes in Tyrone the other day, and a few Bitle Wooden Holmes will probably be the result.

SOLDIERS' REUNION AT INDIANA.—The first annual reunion of the 11th Regiment, P. V. R. C., which took place on Thursday of last week, and which we had the pleasure of attending as a "looker on in Venice," or rather in Indiana, will long be remembered to the infinite credit of our neighboring borough—some thirty miles distant—by all who had the good fortune to participate. It is true that the programme laid down was very considerably interfered with in consequence of our failure, or it may have been the failure of hundreds of others on the same train with us from Blairsville, to reach Indiana until nearly four o'clock in the afternoon, but when the good people, ladies and gentlemen, of that pretty and prosperous town got a chance to display their generosity and admiration for the brave boys in blue, they left nothing undone to make each and all of them feel as happy as a big sunflower. How we came to be late—how it came to take three engines and six hours, as the irrepressible Hazzard, the soldier-editor of the Monongahela *Register*, facetiously remarked during a very amusing speech that closed the festivities at a late hour on Thursday night—how it required so many hours and so much motive power, we say, to get us there, is readily accounted for by the fact that a series of accidents befell our train while en route over the Indiana branch road. First, the engine attached to the train was thrown from the track and thoroughly disabled in consequence of striking a medium-sized stone which had in some unaccountable way got on the rail at a heavy curve about four miles from Blairsville. Next came a collision caused by another engine which the conductor had walked all the way to Blairsville to secure, to give them due and timely notice that though their claims be good, yet they are not fully and entirely adjudicated. But, upon the whole, it seems that James, of *Herald* fame, next to the Ebensburg postoffice, has much of the burden to bear. Chairman Kinkead, if we mistake not, was no friend of his with Congressman Campbell in his endeavors to obtain the position he now occupies.

The names of the Committeemen for the several districts having been properly recorded, the Convention, after a session of about one hour, adjourned *sine die*.

Now knock the nuts from off the tree,
And shear the chickens and the geese,
And spin your winter's yarn,
Dig up your outside windows soon
And bring them home with you,
Put on the rubber mouldings, too,
And the storm-door withal.

Then, having finished this job, go and buy a heavy overcoat or something for yourself. Go where?—you ask. Go to Simon & Bendheim's, next door to the First National Bank, Altoona, we answer, or you will go astray. This firm keeps the largest and best stock of clothing to be found in that city, and sell the same at the most reasonable of prices. They want one thing to be explicitly understood—they guarantee each garment sold to be precisely as represented. Should any case of dissatisfaction arise, the money will be promptly returned to the customer.

Our worthy young friend I. B. Strittmatter, of Carrolltown, married long enough in Ebensburg last Saturday to subscribe for the FREEMAN while on his way to attend lectures at the Physicians' and Surgeons' College in Baltimore. Mr. Strittmatter is an intelligent and virtuous young man, and we doubt not that he will go up head in the medical profession. Messrs. John L. Walters and Hart Mancher, also of Carrolltown, have gone to the same institution for a like purpose.

Yours cellar floor with coal now draw,
And sharpen up your axe;
Your name get on the voting list,
And then you're "in the box."
And when the winter's storms shall rage,
And snow and hail shall come,
Just spend your evenings with your wife,
And family at home.

The advice herein given is golden. Follow it, and you will be happy. One idea is omitted from the stanza which we shall supply—not in poetry, but in prose. Don't forget to open your purse strings and you need a new suit of cold weather clothing, go to Jos. J. Murphy's Star Clothing Hall, 100 Clinton street, Johnstown, for it. Both Democrats are kept constantly lined with the latest styles of coats, vests, pantaloons, overcoats, &c., and his prices are lower than the lowest.

SWEET, solemn Autumn days,
That softly glide
Over the threshold of the waning year,
Stay, stay with us awhile.

We trust the foregoing invocation will bring the right answer. But whether it does or does not, we can't cold blast its aura at a remote possibility. Get ready for their coming! Buy yourself a suit of warm, serviceable ready-made clothing. Buy where you are sure to get the best. Buy from the dealer who, while the cyclone, Bob Ford, Geo. Wolf, next door to the postoffice, Altoona. His stock is fresh, stylish and warranted to give satisfaction. The cash system is his specialty. If unable to pay a personal visit to Altoona, a postal card to D. Einstein, manager in the absence of the proprietor, will be answered by return mail.

Hours of great men all remind us.
We can make our sales sublime:
And departing leave behind us
Footprints that are seven by nine.

Is that your size—seven by nine? If so, or if you wear any other size, and if you want a boot at once neat and serviceable, we advise you to go to S. Blumenthal's Grand Eastern Boot and Shoe Store, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, when you buy. His stock of men's, boys', ladies' and misses' wear for the feet has never been equaled in Western Pennsylvania, while his schedule of prices is thirty per cent. lower than the lowest. Special attention is directed to his stock of rubbers—a very needful article of wear at this season of the year. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

The Republican County Convention.

WHAT WAS DONE AND HOW IT WAS ACCOMPLISHED.

At the hour of 10.15 o'clock Monday forenoon last, Mr. John C. Gates, of White township, drove into Ebensburg. He was accompanied by a couple of friends. Mr. Gates was a long-time candidate for the Republican nomination for Sheriff, and the first query was naturally "How have you made it with the delegates?" "The entire north is solid for me," was Mr. Gates' reply. Upon the arrival of the 11 o'clock train, Mr. Samuel A. Criste, of Gallitzin, put in an appearance. "What is your strength?" was asked Mr. Criste. "I will go into the convention with at least two dozen votes on the first ballot," he said. Shortly afterward, Major P. J. Wolesiagle, of Wilmore, registered at the Cambria House. "Major, how do you imagine you will come out in the long run?" was the interrogatory. He replied, "I am not sure of many, if any, votes." Mr. John T. Harris, chief-of-police of Johnstown, about this juncture emerged from the difficulties attendant upon locating a trio of prisoners in the county jail, and was immediately surrounded by a multitude of friends. "What—please tell us—what," they inquired—"what do you bet on?" Mr. Harris at once and in vigorous language stated that he was no candidate for any office within the gift of the Republican party at the present time, and his word was made good by Messrs. Sam. Eldridge and Peter A. Levergood, of Johnstown.—Those in the secret were duly prepared for this announcement on the part of Mr. Harris, for it was one that Messrs. Thomas Griffith and Abel Lloyd, of this vicinity, had paid a hasty visit to Johnstown last Saturday forenoon, and they knew what that meant.

Chief Harris being off the track, Mr. Gates proceeded to reconsider his original averment. "I have only 9 votes to begin with," he said to himself, "and some of *them*, even, are slippery, and I may as well give up the ghost here and now." The ghost of Gates, mentally speaking, was hereupon given up; but, through mistake, his name was afterward introduced into the convention. There was not much life in Wolesiagle to start with, but that little was speedily knocked out of him. Criste was made of sterner stuff and stuck to the end.

An informal caucus of delegates was held in the Cambria House parlor immediately after dinner. A part of the programme then and there agreed on was that Captain Thomas Davis, of Ebensburg, should be appointed Chairman of the County Committee for the ensuing year. We shall see how the bottom of this section of the programme fell to pieces.

The Court House bell rang at 1.30 o'clock, and the convention was called to order by Mr. F. H. Barker, Chairman of the County Committee.

Messrs. I. W. Watterman of East Conemaugh, and Samuel Eldridge, of Woodvale, were chosen to fill the position, and were afterward continued as permanent Secretaries.

The list of delegates was then read, and the following named gentlemen answered to their names, the first ward of Cambria borough, both wards of Conemaugh borough, Cooperstown borough, Prospect borough, second ward of Millville borough, Prospect borough, Tunnelhill, borough and the townships of Conemaugh, Washington and Upper Yoder not being represented:

NAMES OF DELEGATES.

Adams—George Gramling, Jacob C. Varner.
Allegheny—E. P. Roberts, Peter Melhorn.
Barr—D. W. Evans, Simon Kirsch.
Blacklick—Samuel Reed, Enoch Reese.
Cambria Bor.—John McBride, 2d ward.
Cambria Twp.—Abel Lloyd, D. R. Edwards.
Carroll—Philip Hoover, Alex. Leslie.
Carrolltown—Peter Campbell, Alex. Grieff.
Chestfield—Wm. A. Merryman, E. M. Flanagan.
Chest—Jacob Kibler, Charles Gill.
Chest Springs—Ed. Fry, P. McDonald.
Croyle—John Brown, George A. Myers.
Dean—Harry Mc Intire, Joseph Hughes.
East Conemaugh—Blair Alexander, Wm. A. Donaldson.
Ebensburg—S. W. Davis, J. S. Davis, East ward; C. E. Roberts, Thos. Davis (Jackson), West ward: Elder—A. D. Libby, George Kilder.
Franklin—D. W. Coulter, I. W. Waterman.
Gallitzin Twp.—George Myers, P. C. Burke.
Gallitzin Bor.—Wm. J. Sherley, David Watts.
Jackson—Timothy B. Davis, Henry Shonk.
Johnstown—John T. Harris, A. L. Mattis, 1st ward; Thomas L. Morgan, Henry H. Kaufman, 2d ward; John M'Cune, S. G. Owens, 3d ward; P. H. Levergood, Wm. Cover, 4th ward; Washington Stonebraker, Luther Levergood, 5th ward; Chas. L. Dick, Alex. Kennedy, 6th ward.
Loretto—D. G. Myers.
Millville—Chas. Brixner, Stephen B. Gregory, 1st ward.
Munster—Winfield Glass, Thomas Hughes.
Portage—Philip Hopfer, P. J. Burgoon.
Richland—John H. Price, Wm. Simmon.
Reed—S. W. Turner, J. C. Mulholland.
Stoneycreek—Lewis Buck, George M. Wertz.
Summerhill—John Wright, A. B. Pringle.
Summitville—Daniel Celeb, D. Affelperger.
Susquehanna—D. G. McAnulty, J. B. Bann.
Taylor—Wm. F. Page, Wm. Colbaugh.
White—J. A. Gates, Wm. M. Campbell.
Wilmore—J. G. Blaisdell, P. J. Wolesiagle.
Woodvale—Samuel Eldridge, George Bowles.
Upper Yoder—Wm. Ream, T. L. Hunt.

PERMANENT ORGANIZATION.

In accordance with the previous programme, Capt. H. H. Kuhn, of Johnstown, was permanently called to the chair. He said: "I return my thanks for the honor done me in selecting me out of so much good material, to preside over your deliberations. My intention is not to undertake a set speech, but merely to remind you that our proceedings ought to be characterized by so much harmony that, in contrast, the two Democratic county conventions held this year may compare with ours as a Sunday school convention compares with a ton of gun powder in a violent agitation. We want to nominate a ticket which the honest portion of the Democratic party may be able to support at the polls next November and not scratch afterward."

SHERIFF.

For this leading position on the ticket, Messrs. Thomas Griffith, of Ebensburg; John C. Gates, of White township, and Samuel A. Criste, of Gallitzin, were named. Major Wolesiagle's aspirations not being taken into consideration. Before a ballot could be taken, Mr. John Brown, of Summerhill township, who occupied a seat outside the railing, notified the Secretaries that he desired the original name of Mr. Gates before the convention, arose and withdrew the name of that gentleman from the list of candidates. Meantime Wolesiagle and Harris quietly withdrew, and when the ballot was taken, both voted for Griffith. The first and only ballot resulted as follows:

Griffith	67
Criste	14

The nomination of Mr. Griffith was made unanimous.

JURY COMMISSIONER.

The names of James W. Daily, of Allegheny township, George Gramling, of Adams township, and Joel A. Gates, of White township, were presented for this office, and it required all the way two ballots to determine who should have it. Mr. Gramling withdrew his name on the first ballot, and to an outsider it looked as though the self-sacrifices of Mr. John Gates in the sincerity matter demanded that he should withdraw in favor of Joel A. But such, it seems, could not be. Mr. Daily carried off the honors by the appended vote:

	1st Bal.	2d Bal.
Daily	55	45
Gates	26	55
Grimbling	14	—

The nomination of Mr. Daily was made unanimous.

POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR.

A. L. Elliott, of Barr township, was made the nominee for Director of the Poor by acclamation.

COUNTY SURVEYOR.

Wm. T. M'Connell, of Croyle township, was nominated by acclamation for County Surveyor. Though a candidate on the opposing ticket for this office existed last year, Mr. M'Connell was a candidate on these colored Republican and Greenback tickets last November, and received a majority of the votes cast in the county. His support in the present canvass will doubtless be derived from the same sources.

COUNTY COMMITTEE.

This is how the bottom of a certain section of the caucus programme fell out. Mr. C. T. Roberts arose in place and moved that Chairman Kuhn do now proceed to name the Chairman of the County Committee, Capt. Thomas Davis, of Ebensburg, as per agreement, was to be the man. But Mr. George Myers, of Gallitzin, seized upon the occasion, and declared that the convention, and not a caucus, ought to determine who should be chairman. He put his ideas in the shape of a motion, and this motion was seconded by Mr. Kinkead. Mr. C. T. Roberts—Chairman Kuhn being, by nature of the motion, an interested party in the vote and therefore incapacitated for the time being—and Secretaries Watterman and Eldridge counted heads, on a rising vote, and it was found that *for* Mr. Roberts' suggestion there were 33 votes, and *against* it 32 votes.

"Then how shall the position be filled?" inquired Chairman Kuhn.

A certain amount of confusion ensued, in the midst of which the names of D. H. Kinkead, John C. Lake, Capt. Thomas Davis, and one or two others, were heard mentioned as nominees for the office.

Capt. Thomas Davis, who was a delegate and who evidently was righteously disgusted at this marked departure from programme, arose and said that under the circumstances he would be no aspirant for the position.

"He refer to us revolve light from darkness," spoke up Mr. Aleck Kennedy, "and to the end that crooked places be made straight, I move you, Mr. Chairman, that the candidates this afternoon nominated along with yourself, be empowered a committee to appoint the Chairman."

This proposition was accepted by a rising vote—42 for, 9 all against.

The several candidates, along with Chairman Kuhn, met immediately upon the adjournment of the Convention. Whatever debate they may have had on the question was short, sweet, sharp and decisive, for it took only fifteen or twenty minutes to fix it and make it public that D. H. Kinkead, of Ebensburg, shall be the Chairman for the year to follow.

Generally speaking, this unexpected result may be said to be a severe though deserved blow at the caucus system. Certainly the manager who took an active part therein are understood to be candidates for senatorial, legislative and other political honors is equally severe. It only remains to give these dun and timely notice that though their claims be good, yet they are not fully and entirely adjudicated. But, upon the whole, it seems that James, of *Herald* fame, next to the Ebensburg postoffice, has much of the burden to bear. Chairman Kinkead, if we mistake not, was no friend of his with Congressman Campbell in his endeavors to obtain the position he now occupies.

The names of the Committeemen for the several districts having been properly recorded, the Convention, after a session of about one hour, adjourned *sine die*.

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SKETCHES
—OF—
PIONEER LIFE on the ALLEGHENIES.

TENTH PAPER.

Ever since the days of Nimrod, the mighty hunter, some men have had a passion for the exciting sports of the chase, and the deer, the buffalo, the bear, or the fierce panther in this country, have often led the intrepid hunter far into the wild and rocky fastnesses amid solitude, danger and privation. Even the sly and cunning fox will often lead after him a dashing cavalcade of eager and daring horsemen, who leap fences ditches and rocks in their hot haste to keep in sight of the fleeing reynard, while a scurrying pack of mouthing hounds make the welkin ring with their eager cries. The passion for hunting something is evinced when a schoolboy starts up a shy rabbit from a fence-corner from out the withered grass in autumn. With eager cries he bounds off in the wake of the furry quadruped—his only weapon a club—and soon, with murderous thwack, he lays the fat coney along the sward, and carries him home in triumph to his admiring mamma, who constructs therewith a juicy pot pie for the family feast. Even a moose has often given rise to an exciting hunt for an entire family—from the grandmother with her 'specs' and broom, down to the seven-year-old toddler—all in vociferous topsy-turvy after the minute and scrambling animal. Who has not witnessed the keen enjoyment with which a body of yelling urchins will chase a frightened cur with a tin appendage to his tail, or a fleeing cat whose rear has been interviewed with brick-bats. An instinct for a hunt seems to lie dormant in human nature, and the dog, that faithful companion of man, seems to be imbued with a fellow feeling. Witness a fleeing cat on a moonlight night as she scurries along on a straight line for the nearest apple-tree, with the noble mastiff's nose just within an ace of her heels. So as hunting seems to be natural, both to man and beast, we will take up that topic.

As there are still many regions within the broad area of North America where the deer and other game roams in freedom through the wild forests, it may not be out of place to describe the construction of an artificial "deer-lick" which will draw that animal within easy range of the hunter's rifle. In the first place, you must find some fine clay, and work it up into the consistency of dough. When thoroughly kneaded, mix in a liberal supply of salt, and roll it into a cylindrical shape, about four inches in diameter and two feet long. Next put your prepared clay into an out-oven, and bake it to the hardness of a brick—or, rather, not *quite* so hard as a brick. When your cylindrical bar of salted clay is all ready, then select some quaggy or swampy spot and thrust a hand-spike down into it, making an opening sufficiently ample to receive the clay bar. Now thrust down your cylinder and fill it to just even with the surface of the water, and you have a home-made "lick" which will entice the wild-wary animal within easy range of your rifle, without incurring the fatigue of a long and weary hunt.

Another method of constructing a "lick" is to bore a pretty good sized hole in a log and fill the same with salt. The deer of course will smell out the salt and try to lick at it, which is all the hunter desires.

We will now present the reader with a slight inkling of the manner in which the panther was wont to roam through the forests in those parts. It is nothing at this day to wander through the woods in any direction, or to any distance, but in the days of the panther, the bear, and the wolf, a person had to keep a sharp lookout while strolling in the wilderness, for a fierce and deadly enemy might meet him at any turn. In the spring of '34, a farmer of White township had some sheep on the farm now known as the Lloyd place. The sheep were being killed secretionally, in some mysterious manner, and it was soon suspected that a panther was the depredator. Different hunting parties were formed into line, and proceeded by the Altoona City Band, which was on the belated train, and which stands unrivaled not only as a musical organization but as a hunting party, for it formerly resided in the vicinity of Cherry-tree, where he married his amiable and excellent young wife, a sister of our friend Harry Kinports, but he is now a practising attorney in Indiana. But to return to the banquet. Here, we have no doubt, the ultimate L. were conducted to one of the many tables which it is truth to say were literally overloaded with as rich a feast as we ever sat down to, and although we lacked the appetite to enjoy it to the full, we nevertheless felt that it was a mighty nice thing to be there. The tables were presided over by hosts of young and handsome ladies, elder among whom was Miss Fannie Nixon, a regal beauty without whose presence and participation it would be almost impossible, we were assured, for such a "feast of reason and flow of soul" to be so delightfully successful as this elegant affair certainly was. And yet not to be alone should the mede of praise be given, for all did their parts with that charming grace and vivacity for which American ladies are proverbial, while none displayed more affability or elicited more smiles of approval than Miss Delia Mitchell, the modest little beauty who took a special interest in providing for the wants of the lucky "Seventy-eighth" who got the good fortune to be numbered at one of the tables. She well deserves to be classed among the "sweetest of the sweet," and if a good word from us should ever be needed to —well, she understands the rest. And now, in conclusion, let us say that after the banquet was over, which by the by, was not the most amusing and a young clergyman named Henderson, in response to "The Ministry of Peace," the most sensible and patriotic, a fine song was well sung, choice music delightfully rendered by the band, and a good time generally enjoyed all around, as could not fail to be the case with Capt. Dan. S. Porter, a brave soldier and true gentleman, as the master of ceremonies. And thus ended a most enjoyable reunion long to be remembered to the infinite credit of the good people of Indiana, and thus ends our rambling address of a brief visit to a town we have not seen since we filled the position of clerk in Collins' store some two or three miles from said borough, while the branch road was being constructed, nearly a quarter of a century ago. Of course the Indiana of to-day is not the Ind

MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE.

THE LAW OCCURRENCE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The firm believers in the notion of love-marriages, says the San Francisco *Bulletin*, would be surprised to learn what a trade is driven in procuring life partners. Employment offices are visited several times a week by those desirous of finding a husband, or wife, as the case may be. In many cases they are accommodated. So much money for a wife, or so much money for a husband. The Free Labor Exchange has not been exempt from such visitations, but the manager has resolutely refused to take any notice whatever of any such applications. The love-sick individual is told that the Labor Exchange does not do any such business. Applications are made sometimes by letter. A modest man, apparently easily suited, wrote, in good faith, a letter relating to matrimony to a clerk in an employment office in this city. He said he had already written to two young ladies, whose names were furnished by the clerk; but, to be sure, he wanted a sharp lookout kept for a suitable person. A suitable person he defined as: "First of all, one with good sense and good health, neat, industrious and modest. For personal appearance I generally fancy a dark complexion. Not small; I am small enough myself. One raised in the country is preferable to a city belle. One of good sense is preferable to one with a fortune." The gentleman also declares what religion he does not want his adored to favor.

A singular meeting happened in an employment office in this city a few days ago. If the conclusion was not self-misleading, it would strongly flavor of the romantic. A moral to employment office clerks might be extracted from the story. An apparently middle-aged man applied at the counter one Saturday and asked for a housekeeper for a bachelor, wearing a telling smile on his face at the time. After a moment's conversation, he was asked point blank if he did not want a wife. His reply was in the affirmative. He was told to come the following Monday at 5 P. M. It happened that a young woman called the same day, and, after some bearing about the bush, declared she was looking after a husband. She was requested to come again the next Monday at 5:30. Everything came on serenely Monday afternoon. The two principals came to time, and were directed to an adjoining room. They had not been there long before sounds of some disturbance reached the ears of those in attendance at the office, and the woman gave vent to a shriek. One of the assistants went to the door, and found that matters had progressed beyond all expectation. The girl held the male by the hair—at least she thought she did. An effort to relieve him of some surplus reality covering instead of performing the desired object drew a wig from his head, and the fellow appeared quite a young man. The woman screamed "My brother," and fell on the floor in a faint. The two others united their efforts to resuscitate her, which in a short time were so successful that she arose, grasped an ebony ruler lying on a desk, and struck the clerk a blow he will not soon forget. She then left the office for parts unknown. The man in the case abused the clerk like a pickpocket, and endeavored to strike him, but old age met with early success, so he then departed, leaving the clerk a wiser and possibly a wiser man.

Honest Stinger of the Staked Plains.

The most dreadful reptile known to natural history is the fortunately comparatively rare serpent of the genus *crotalus*, known as the crotalus *ponco*, or horned viper of the United States. With all the celerity of the common adder it also possesses the deadly virus of the rattlesnake. But unlike the rattlesnake its venom is placed in a barbed retractile fang, or lance in the tail, which is hollow, and bears little light in its tone, similar to that found in the jawbone of the crotalus horridus. This snake disarms upon a tree with its head and darts it back with its tail, and wherever it strikes dies. Col. Edward Thorne relates in his book on the Staked Plains, that he saw one of these snakes strike a young cottonwood tree with its tail and in less than three hours the tree was as dead as if it had been struck by lightning. Prof. Carpenter inoculated the rabbit with so much of the poison as would adhere to the point of a needle, and to his surprise the animal died in three minutes; blood was commingled with delight, however, at the dreadful suffering of the rabbit. Such mortal terror do these serpents inspire in the breasts of the Apache Indians, that to the Fremont for Col. Pike, when exploring their country, could succeed in getting them to attack one, though several were seen in the vicinity of their camps. The early history of the Southwest is replete with blood-curdling anecdotes of the horned stinger. In some portions of Upper Texas the prevalence of the deadly fer actually prevented the settlement of the country for a long time. Perhaps the most terrible story ever told of the horned stinger is that recently told in the Coop's Head (Tex.) *Snag*, which horrible as it is, has all the internal evidence of being strictly true.

As David Silcox of Dutch Cross Roads was returning to his cabin on the Little Big Sandy, he heard cries, and coming up to his door found his daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen, attacked by a horned stinger. She was standing against the wall of the cabin, almost paralyzed with terror, hopelessly gesticulating and crying for help. Suddenly, and while the terror-stricken father was looking at her, the serpent made a sudden dash to her open mouth, and began to swing its tail in all directions as a warning for all to keep away. It was impossible to use his pistol, and the agility with which the snake gyrated and darted its body made it equally impossible to strike it. The assembled neighbors were thus compelled to stand and look on with the helpless parent, and when at last a long pole was brought, they were not in time to see the hideous reptile disappear entirely in the body of the girl, who fell lifeless on the floor of the cabin. But the most singular and interesting part of this occurrence remains to be told. The snake kept possession of her body three days, and defied the efforts of the coroner the undertaker and the relatives to prevent it.

Curious Bequests of Dead Poets.

Shakespeare was not the first to pronounced a curse upon those who should move his bones. M. Roller has deciphered the inscription on the sarcophagus of Ashmunezar, king of Sidon, now deposited at the Louvre. Part of it runs thus: "A curse is pronounced against royal persons or others who should open this tomb, or lift the tomb which contains me or transport me in this tomb. They shall not be buried with the dead, they shall not lie in a tomb; they shall not leave any descendants, and the holy gods will deliver them into the hands of their enemies, who will chase them from their country." The Jewish Week notes, as a curious coincidence in regard to this curse, that the Duke de Luynes bought the sarcophagus, and presented it to the French government. He and his only son met their death in the Papal war, in Italy, in 1870. Again it was through the instrumentality of the Emperor Napoleon III. that it was brought to Paris and deposited in the Louvre. He was routed at Sedan, and his body reposes on foreign soil. His son met with an untimely death, far away from his home and at the hands of his enemies. There is not a descendant left of Napoleon III. or the Duke de Luynes.

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